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The Jewish College Student

By SAMUEL TEITELBAUM

THE WRITER is familiar with the assertion that is not infrequently made by Jews and non-Jews alike that the so-called assimilated Jew is the one who is the most completely "Americanized" or adjusted to the American setting. This view, extended to the university campus, would imply that the Jewish student who is least identifiable as a Jew is the most adjusted. The writer of this paper has, however, from his own wide experience with Jewish students in higher education, gained the contrary impression. He has found that Jewish students (and non-students as well) who most openly and directly identify themselves as Jews—that is, consciously but not self-consciously—and integrate themselves with their people are less in conflict with their milieu in the greater society as well as with themselves than are their opposites.

It is the aim of this paper to demonstrate this theory, at least tentatively and in a delimited area, by documentation. The writer will try to show how Jewish students who do not qualify their identity or conceal it make a species of adjustment within themselves, that is to say, psychologically. They accept the definitions or realities of the situation more readily, accommodate and adapt themselves to it, maintain their self-respect, which, in turn, tends to engender the respect of others as well. In short, they adjust better.

To test the validity of his hypothesis, the writer not only made large distributions of questionnaires but also made some case studies. Interviews were held with non-Jewish as well as Jewish

students. The attitudes the gentile interviewees expressed towards their Jewish counterparts proved most revealing. The following statement is rather typical and perhaps more comprehensive than most of the non-Jewish responses.

His family is of Dutch and Norwegian descent. His father has a prosperous business in a small town in Wisconsin. He said, "We classify this town as urban but it is more like a rural village since it is located in the center of a farming area. Conditions in my home are very good. But my parents are very prejudiced towards any minority group especially Jews and Negroes. This is the only conflict we have at home. . . My older brother and my sister and I have requested my parents not to make any slanderous remarks about minority groups in front of my [younger] brother so that he may not also start forming these opinions.

"My family is Protestant and of the Presbyterian denomination. We originally came from M—, Wisconsin but for a period of years lived in E—, Pennsylvania. . ." He associates with students on an equal basis without inquiring what their religious or ethnic origin or background may be. Those Jewish students whose identity he happens to know he learnt by sheer accident. But he is aware of the social realities on the campus.

"Yes, I have had conflicts. In a way they included me. Many times during a gathering of kids a remark is made concerning Jews. It is usually the old slanderous jokes. Whenever this happens the atmosphere immediately changes. Everyone stiffens. My blood boils but still the person continues. . . If there is not a Jewish student present . . . I explain the way I feel about the situation. . . Many times Jewish friends of mine have come up afterwards and thanked me for talking someone down. But I feel that Jewish students have just as much right as a Catholic or Protestant."

Yet he frankly confessed that he has not completely eradicated his childhood conditioning. "There are many times I work with a

Jewish student. One in particular never gets the instructions right and it makes me mad. Only once did I blame him because he was a Jew. I never did it to him publicly [sic] but just thinking about it made me very restless."

The interviewee was acutely cognizant of what in-an-out-group and majority-minority manifestations do to the minority and how they distort its adjustment process. But he resented, above all, the lack of self-respect, the escapism of some members of the Jewish minority.

"Yes," he continued, "there is one type of Jewish student I do not prefer. And that is the one who is ashamed of his religion and tries to hide it. This person also makes cutting remarks about Jews, thinking other people do not know he is a Jew. We would like to let him know that we care neither way whether he is Jewish or not but feel that would make the wound deeper. I prefer the Jewish student who will stand up for his beliefs and who is proud of his religion just as I am of mine. I realize that in most cases they are forced to conceal in order to overcome the social cruelties of other religions but still I would think much more of my friend if he would come out in the open."

Similarly, most of the respondents interviewed confessed to little hostility of their own towards Jews and other "out-groups." But the majority of them conceded that such antagonisms are the prevailing pattern, even if they are at times covert, and that the existing practice of social exclusion as exemplified in the fraternity-sorority system is either widely favored or generally accepted without protest. Equally important was the open aversion expressed by most of these gentile students towards Jews and Jewish students who deny or conceal their identity.

The reality of the problem of Jewish-Gentile relationships and adjustments on the campus was, on the whole, confirmed by the Jewish case studies. The following two represent not untypical yet almost diametrically opposed attitudes of Jewish students on the campus.

No. 1. He is a junior. He lives in Chicago. His parents are of German origin and his father is an immigrant. The family economic level is in the upper bracket.

He believes that anything that segregates Jews from non-Jews is harmful. He includes Hillel

among these Jewish impediments. His parents are Reform. He is non-religious. He agrees that anti-Semitism abounds on the Northwestern campus as everywhere else. He states that he has at times been the victim of anti-Jewishness. But he lays the major blame for it on Jews.

He offered the following comprehensive statement: "It is too bad about the Jewish student on campus. I'll admit that the Jews as a whole are discriminated against. However, this has given many Jews a persecution complex. In grammar school my brother and I countless times were beat up by them, but nevertheless, we were good friends to many of the students there. Later we attended several Protestant military schools. There were exhibitions of anti-Semitism here as everywhere. I lived in Miami Beach for 10 years—90% [sic] Jewish population—and even there there was anti-Semitism. On coming to NU I found the problem again. I know that there are other religious and racial groups with the same problem. I am also aware of the Nazi treatment of European Jews, my relations having been there then. But I feel that the Jew, although trying to escape from this 'scape-goat' position, yet continually harbors the very qualities that their aggressors have. They feel that they are being 'persecuted unbearably,' and are always reminding those Christians who are not so opposed to the situation. My own family have finally taken the attitude that 'all Christians pick on all Jews.' With such an attitude, Jews will be held back until they change.

"As to marriage—I married a Christian. Thru intermarriage segregation can be broken down. For myself, I do not consider myself a Jew but by birth. The Jews are not a race, but a religious group as the Catholics, etc. Because the general world considers a Jew aside from religious belief, I call myself such. To any intelligent person I am not. For this reason I say I'm indifferent to my Jewishness as actually it is of no significance except when Jews are considered as a race, and I don't consider them so.

"Did I believe in Judaism, I would be neither ashamed nor proud,—religious belief merits neither but merely an opinion."

This student uttered repeated censures of Jews for not bearing their "cross" with greater equanimity. Yet he dwelt constantly on anti-Semitism and discrimination. He was obviously concerned with them. His marginalism and disorganized personality caused him to live in two worlds to neither of which could he make a sound adjustment.

No. 2. What a sharp contrast is this 18-year old freshman! He is also a Chicago boy, the son of a high-salaried sales manager of an industrial

establishment. He is not troubled by any Jewish *raison d'être*. He is openly Jewish and in answer to the question whether he is proud of his identity, says simply: "If I were ashamed I would change my religion." It isn't to him an issue of pride or lack of it; it is part of his being, his "self." What does being Jewish mean to him? "Believing in only one God, that the Messiah has not come; when he does, he should not be deified as was Christ; observing most of the holidays, and trying to live up to the 10 Commandments."

Having no compunctions or reservations about his Jewishness, he seems to have a legitimate complaint when he avers: "I find that too many Jewish students aren't able to definitely express their beliefs when religion in general is being discussed; that many are Jews by birth and not religion."

He has had an above-average Jewish education. He has Jewish interests, reads books of Jewish content and attends religious services frequently. He is still Conservative but says that he is tending towards Reform. He is not a Zionist but has no antagonism to Zionism and favors Israel as a Jewish homeland. Since assimilation to him signifies ceasing "to be identified as Jewish," he is opposed to it. Yet he is uncertain about intermarriage because "too many factors are involved." But he is thoroughly certain about Jewish survival values. At the same time he regards all people "equal before God" and therefore rejects any "chosen people concept" or any doctrine of religious or racial superiority.

On the campus he doesn't favor fraternities because they have the marks of social exclusion and discrimination. He feels perfectly at home in gentle company. Hillel in which he is an active affiliate he considers an integrative force for Jewish students in their relations with non-Jews. To the query whether extra-curricular functions affect the status of the Jewish student, he replies significantly: "Depends upon how entrenched a student belief is." And Hillel, he maintains, should by all means concern itself with social issues and engage in social action, whether they be specifically Jewish or public ones. "Discussion and action should never be limited if it is important in the lives of its members." Political and social problems impinge upon Jews because, "Where there is unrest, this leads to infringement on the rights of the individual; hence freedom of religion is taken away."

He is not greatly troubled by anti-Jewishness. "I do not think that no one has prejudices, but I do believe the more educated one is, the lesser the tendency for such prejudices. . . ."

The student is perhaps naive and unsophisticated, but there is a naturalness about him. He therefore left a vivid impression of life-adjustment and of a stable adjustment on the university campus.

These two case histories exemplify most of the others. The three dozen or so Jewish students interviewed fell into the following categories:

1. Those who denied the existence of any Jewish problem on the campus.
2. Those who contended that whatever Jewish problem existed is largely self-induced.
3. Those who, on the other hand, found Jewish self-consciousness to be the crux of the problem.
4. Those who insisted that sociality, a willingness to associate on an equal basis with non-Jews could solve or at least resolve the problem.
5. Those who averred that Jewish segregation on the campus was the source of the problem. These were divided between (a) the ones who regarded Jewish separateness as self-inflicted, a form of clannishness, and (b) the ones who deemed it imposed from without.
6. Those who indulged themselves directly in Jewish self-hatred.
7. Those who maintained that anti-Jewishness was the only problem.
8. Those who viewed the problem as one of Jewish self-identification.
9. Those who were perturbed by what they deemed as assimilationist attitudes on the part of the Jewish students.
10. The attitudes to the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation at Northwestern University took the following forms:
 - a. Outright antagonism on the ground that it exposed the Jewishness of the Jewish students.
 - b. Virtually complete indifference on the part of a large number of the interviewees.
 - c. An expression on the part of the more conscious Jews of Hillel's actual or potential significance on the campus.

What emerged from these case histories was the conception the student had of himself as a Jew and how as such he related himself to and interacted with, not only his Jewish fellows, but the greater society in the campus world. The abiding rule seemed to be that an avowed

Jewishness suffering from no compunctions as such was apt to maintain a state of equilibrium. The more intense the in-group attitude and the sense of Jewish solidarity the greater was also the sense of security on the campus.

However suggestive the case studies may be, far more evidence was gathered from questionnaires issued in 1951-52. The questionnaire distributed at Northwestern sought to ascertain information on the following basic items:

1. General background;
2. Definitions of Jewishness: conceptions, expectations and roles as Jews;
3. Religious institutional loyalties;
4. Campus interpersonal relationships and interactions.

It is manifestly impossible in the space of a short article to review in detail the statistical data on the 210 undergraduate respondents at Northwestern and the 325 at the nine other midwestern universities that were polled. Only a brief summary of the findings can be presented.

The respondents at Northwestern University were divided into two categories: (a) the 116 who openly affirmed their Jewish identity and (b) the 94 who had one or more reservations (such as self-consciousness, indifference, uncertainty, concealment) about their identification. The two categories were compared with respect to certain key factors in the questionnaire.

Both categories were predominantly midwestern by birth and residence. Both were preponderantly urban, mostly from the Chicago area. Females exceeded males in the avowal of Jewishness by 18%. One wonders whether the fact is due to the more sheltered and protected home-life of Jewish girls, and their stronger attachments to the family and its doctrines. The cause may also rest in the wide belief among Jews that an exposure of one's Jewish identity may hamper his vocational or occupational opportunities, a problem with which a girl does not have to cope as frequently as a boy.

Second generation Americans were franker in their self-identification than was the third generation. Vocationally, the parents of the self-identified sector were considerably more professional and proprietary (business, management, etc.) than those of the other sector. The data on family income and income class levels were incomplete, but the information available showed that the self-identified category of Jewish students derived more largely from the lower and middle-classes and the category of reserved identification from the middle and upper classes.

The campus environment seemed to have an increasingly secularizing effect upon the Jewishness of the respondents, for the frequency of open self identification diminished with their advance in college.

The question of whether the respondents regard themselves as Jews produced the following results: 13% of those of limited identification did not affirm their identity (they either denied or were uncertain about it). Of the remaining 87% nearly 90% claimed affiliation with Jewish religious bodies (Orthodox, Conservative or Reform) and only 9½% expressed non-religion. The students of qualified identification had 20% less religious affiliation and over 10% more non-religion. What is more, the former were about 60% more prevalent in what are considered the traditional branches of Judaism (Orthodoxy and Conservatism) than those of more liberal faith.

About $\frac{1}{3}$ of the self-acknowledged Jews advocated Zionism; less than $\frac{1}{8}$ of the reservedly identified accepted it. The approval of Israel as a Jewish homeland was overwhelming; but self-acknowledged Jews surpassed the others in this respect by nearly $\frac{1}{6}$.

On religious institutional adherence, those of intenser Jewishness showed a 45% higher frequency of synagogue attendance and a 30% larger training in the traditional forms of Jewish education (Hebrew and Sunday School combined).

What conclusions from these facts may be drawn as to the interpersonal relationships and adjustments on the Northwestern campus? The self-recognized Jews were almost 54% in favor of a segregated fraternity system as against but 32% of those of qualified identification. 30% of the former and only 11% of the latter expressed preference for Jewish associates. Yet 92% of the first declared themselves to be without tensions and "at-home" in the presence of non-Jews as against 74½% of the second category. What is the explanation of this apparent inconsistency? The probability is that an intense feeling of "we-group" solidarity leads to a sense of inner security with which to confront the external environment and to reduce social distance.

The in-group attitudes manifested themselves in the relationships to the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation. The more completely self-identified respondents were more numerously represented than the others. Likewise, they participated more frequently in all of Hillel's functions and specifically in its religio-cultural ones. At the same time, the avowed Jews participated more widely (10%) in campus extra-curricular activities. The former were also evidently less fearful of the stigma of radicalism, for a higher proportion of them advocated Hillel's intervention in social issues and action, whether or not Jews were involved. They were less concerned with anti-Semitism on the campus, but more opposed to the quota-distribution system (alleged or real). Hence the dual solidarity-security pattern is again pertinent. This pattern as well as the desire for Jewish survival may account for the 22% lower approval by self-acknowledged Jewish students of mixed dating, and 27% less for mixed marriage.

The writer, therefore, feels justified in drawing this tentative conclusion, on the basis of the findings: While marginalism is indeed prevalent among the students, *the conscious and self-identified Jews*

among them are those most completely integrated with their people and most soundly adjusted to and on the campus.

That the phenomenon depicted is not a singular one and that it has parallels elsewhere emerged from the test samplings taken at nine other midwestern universities. To point up the parallels as well as the divergencies, the two may now be compared as to key findings.

Although preponderantly midwestern in birth-place and residence, the midwestern grouping had a far larger proportion of eastern students. Both were equally urban. As at Northwestern, females exceeded males in Jewish pronouncement (by 9%) and this tended to decline for both sexes as their college classes advanced. The midwestern unit was of a more recent generation American than the Northwestern, a circumstance which may partially account for its intenser Jewish orientation than was true of Northwestern. Occupationally, the providers of the midwestern sector were less numerous in the professional classes, and more so in the clerical, sales, artisan, and operative vocations. This could indicate that the midwestern students came from families of a later immigration. The larger proportions of low middle and middle income levels of the midwestern students are corroborative evidence.

With respect to campus interrelationships the findings were generally comparable. So they were in the approval of a separate Jewish fraternity system, in the preference for Jewish companions, in "athomeness" with non-Jews. Thus the two-fold solidarity-security frame of reference is confirmed.

In affiliation with Hillel and participation in its functions the midwestern grouping had an even higher ratio. However, it fell below Northwestern in campus extra-curricular activities. This exception to the parallels may arise from several circumstances: first, fraternities and sororities, which are the usual gauge for such activi-

ties, may not play the dominant role at the midwestern schools that they do at Northwestern; secondly, five of the midwestern universities surveyed are metropolitan-commuter schools. Extra-curricular functions do not, as a rule, hold a large place in them.

With campus anti-Semitism the midwestern students were even less concerned than the self-recognized type at Northwestern. The explanation may lie in the fact that the large majority of the midwestern Jewish student bodies did not have to cope with a quota system, for five of the universities are state-supported and prevented by law from enforcing quotas and two others, Chicago and Washington, are said to have abolished them.

On mixed dating and intermarriage the analogies were maintained.

Hence the writer concludes that the respondents at the nine midwestern universities reflected their relatively strong Jewish orientation by paralleling the attitudes and adjustment patterns of the openly avowed category of Jewish students at Northwestern. These findings, therefore, support the writer's theory: *that Jewish students who are marginal Jews make marginal adjustments on the university campus; that those who are affirmative in their identification without reservations are not only more completely integrated with their own group but also more soundly adjusted to the university milieu.*



Jewess from Kurdistan

ANNA TICHO

Balance Sheet for Race Relations

By IRENE DIGGS

MORE AMERICANS are being made conscious of the necessity that democracy in human relations in the United States become more and more a reality. Next to war, questions concerning minorities, and especially Negroes, are among the most discussed topics in forums, class rooms, in the home—wherever people meet.

We are beginning to realize—to the consternation of many—that over two thirds of the people of the earth are non-white and that these darker peoples are rapidly rising to power in industry and military organization. We are also beginning to realize that millions of whites here and in other regions of the world are in sympathy with non-whites and their faith and trust in our brand of democracy is being shaken by our treatment of minorities and especially our treatment of the Negro in the United States.

However, there are still Americans who are fighting for the *status quo*, Americans who are determined that the Negro shall "stay in his place." Many of them are extending their hate to include all those who differ from them in race, national origin, language or religion. Here is a current balance sheet in race relations as I see it.

Debits

The more spectacular signs of intolerance are outbreaks against various minority groups: anti-Semitic attacks in Philadelphia, New York, Florida, discrimination against American Indians, discrimination against Chinese-Americans in California and discrimination against non-white visitors. But the chief victims are Negroes: killings and beatings by police,

killings by incited gangs, killings at night by masked men, bombing of homes. Literally hundreds of Negroes over the years have been beaten to death on chain gangs and in the back rooms of sheriff's offices, in the cells of county jails, in precinct police stations and on city streets. Judges often treat Negro defendants with disdain and amusement. Negroes have been framed and murdered legally. Just what constitutes a lynching is difficult to state. There are judicial lynchings: hasty and unfair trials. Negroes have been killed, allegedly for failure to say "sir" or tip their hats or move aside quickly enough, or, more often, on trumped up charges of "rape" when in reality it was for trying to vote or otherwise demand their legal and inalienable rights and privileges of United States citizenship guaranteed them by the Constitution. Perhaps anti-social offenses among Negroes are necessary. Juvenile delinquency has become alarming.

Negroes are forced into city ghettos or their rural equivalents. These areas are neglected by the government of the municipality. They are segregated legally or through fear of violence into old, dilapidated, filthy, disease-bearing housing and deprived by law of adequate medical care and education. They are forced by threat of violence and imprisonment into inferior, segregated accommodations, into jim crow buses, jim crow trains, jim crow hospitals, jim crow schools, jim crow theatres, jim crow restaurants, jim crow housing and finally into jim crow cemeteries. There is infinite variety in the cruelty heaped upon Negroes but the common denominator is racism.

There was a time when violence and fear of violence was centered in the South. But as Negroes spread to the north, east and west the violence has followed them. Once most of the violence against Negroes occurred in the countryside but now there are few great American cities including Washington, the nation's capital, that has not been disgraced. White newspapers have a policy of not publishing anything concerning murder of Negroes or assaults upon them. Some white newspapers still play up crime by Negroes and print almost no other news about Negroes; many still refuse to publish a photograph of a Negro unless he is connected with crime.

Most of the stories, the legitimate stage, radio and television skits, and motion pictures in which Negro characters appear follow the stereotypes of the happy clown, the criminal and the "mammy," but there are some notable exceptions. The Governor of Georgia can with the endorsement of some protest against the democracy of permitting a quartet composed of Negroes and whites to sing on television. There has been little reporting of the many instances of Negro heroism in battle.

Employment has been a constant fight. Negroes still find it difficult to find work in keeping with their ability and training. Eleven states with forty million people have passed FEPC laws. Chances are that nine others in which bills have been introduced but not yet passed and with fifty million people will follow. In spite of Fair Employment Practices Committees, nevertheless, employers are slow to hire colored workers. Upgrading is difficult.

Congress has refused to pass Civil Rights legislation and outlaw lynching. Congress has failed to provide federal equalization of educational expenditures which would go a long way in rectifying many conditions. In spite of clear decisions by the Supreme Courts, Southern states are still barring Negroes from their educational institutions or requiring that admittance be the result of a specific case

locally initiated. Southern states are still searching for techniques to keep Negro voters from the polls and the primaries.

The Church, in spite of its basic and fundamental doctrine of brotherhood, throughout the nation continues to practice physical and spiritual segregation. The Church continues to constitute the most completely segregated part of our social organization. However, there are several interracial churches.

Frustrating and irritating are the insults and uncertainties that individual Negroes face every day, never knowing when they may be admitted or thrown out of a theater, a restaurant, a hotel. Traveling by automobile in most sections of the nation creates basic and fundamental problems of eating, finding drinking water, sanitary facilities and sleeping accommodations. There have been important Supreme Court decisions with reference to interstate travel by train and eating while aboard these trains.

Negroes and millions of other people the world over simply cannot understand a war for democracy fought by an army organized on segregation and prejudice. Negro soldiers, except in Korea, are segregated both at home and abroad. We had two Honor Guards in Berlin—one white and one colored. On leave, colored soldiers and sailors have been herded into restricted areas for their recreation; even in some combat zones abroad they were jim crowed in the Red Cross recreation centers and insulted and sometimes beaten by their American fellows. In spite of continued segregation and discrimination, the training and experience of the Negro in the armed forces has been tremendously important. A million Negroes—practically all young men between eighteen and thirty—have been given an education far beyond any secondary school or college. They have been housed, fed, trained and disciplined. They have seen other parts of the country and of the world. Along with slights, most Negro soldiers have caught a glimpse of wide

horizons and have had some warm experiences of respect and admiration. Returning from such experience, this young male population may find it difficult to fit into the serfdom of Southern feudalism or into second and third class status in Northern industrial cities. Their experiences have sharpened their sense of the contradiction between the American creed and American practice. They want democracy to win abroad and they want democracy to win at home.

Credits

In spite of the ugly pictures just painted many changes have taken place in the old patterns of race relations. There have been tremendous gains for democracy. Never before in the United States have Negroes been given the opportunities they have today. Recent years have been characterized by a carefully organized systematic attack upon race discrimination. The NAACP (National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) began the first organized effort to call the attention of the nation to lynching; this was followed by a systematic fight for political and civil rights. Its achievements have been far-reaching and important. This organization is supported almost entirely (90%) by Negro workers. The persons chiefly responsible for these results have been and are Negroes. There are other organized efforts toward improving race relation: The Southern Regional Council, Commission on Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, the National Councils of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the Committees on Race Relations of The Society of Friends, American Missionary Association, Southern Conference for Human Welfare. The American Civil Liberties Union has done considerable toward making it possible for the Negro American to exercise the rights guaranteed every American. The Urban League has been active in the field of industrial re-

lations. There are others but no list of this sort would be complete without the great foundations: Carnegie Corporation, General Education Board, Phelps-Stokes Fund, Rockefeller Foundation, Whitney Foundation, the late Rosenwald Fund and the recently established Ford Foundation.

One of the most important and effective programs for improving race relations especially if we have in mind numbers and economics, has been that of the trade union: the organization of the CIO which is an attempt to organize workers in contrast with the AFL whose chief efforts have been to organize only the skilled workers of industry. Negro union members have increased from 400,000 to 1,250,000. As a result of the efforts of the CIO, white and non-white workers have found themselves side by side struggling for the same objectives. These efforts have been most effective in decreasing race prejudices among the masses.

Negroes have been excluded from jury service in the South, and in many instances in the North, but the courts are consistently declaring this unconstitutional and Negroes on juries are more common but still unusual. There is greater regard for the rights of Negroes in courts and jails especially in celebrated cases and cases of known injustice. Investigations and refusal to extradite are more frequent in the case of alleged criminals who have escaped from the South into the North.

A small credit is the number of Negro policemen. Some dozen or so states employ Negro policemen in fifty or more cities. In theory if not in law, these policemen seldom may exercise their power of arrest over whites. Certain cities have set up courses for the training of police in the handling of racial problems.

The change in the political situation of the Negro is extraordinary. Negroes are voting today more widely than ever before. There are perhaps a million and a quarter Southern Negroes voting today and there is a possibility that two and a

half or three million Negroes voted in the presidential election of 1952. But seven or eight million Negroes should be eligible to vote. In the North their handicaps are those of the poor and politically illiterate. In the border states Negroes vote generally, but the number of the disfranchised in the South is still large.

Another credit is the number of Negroes holding office, especially elective offices. A few Negroes are members of city councils. There are Negro members of state legislatures—thirty-three in 1947 including two senators. In the federal Congress there are two Negroes. There are a couple of dozen or so judges and magistrates presiding over courts. There are Negro members of important city commissions. There are several internal revenue collectors.

Illiteracy is decreasing but the experience of the draft indicates that functional illiteracy probably characterizes a fourth of the adult Negro population. Probably ninety per cent of eligible Negro children attend school and eighty-five per cent regularly. The laws of seventeen states and the District of Columbia require Negro students to attend segregated schools. Thereby each new generation from the beginning is robbed of an opportunity to develop a living faith in democracy. In larger and larger numbers Negroes are attending school but the buildings and equipment of elementary and secondary schools in the South are appalling. The financially better off Negroes are attending schools of higher learning in larger and larger numbers. The quota system is used in order to keep down the number of Negro students in some institutions. Medical schools in the United States graduate approximately five thousand students a year. Of this number an average of one hundred and fifty are Negroes, the vast majority of whom come from two medical schools for Negroes. Less than fifty Negroes have been graduated from all the medical schools in the state of New York in twenty

years. It was long a known and accepted fact that teachers with the same training received different salaries because of their race, or in many cases teachers with better training—excluded from graduate study in Southern universities they attended and were graduated from the best northern institutions. About seventy northern colleges have Negroes on their faculties.

The decisions of the United States Supreme Court have made necessary the spending of millions of dollars in an effort to establish "equal but separate institutions in the South." The Supreme Court as yet has not ruled on the concept that "separation by race in schools is in itself an evidence of inequality." Of the 128,000 Negroes attending college the vast majority are students in Southern colleges for Negroes and in the year 1950-51 only 266 were admitted to state-supported white institutions of higher learning. Southern states who have removed the color bar have done so without a single ugly incident involving Negro students. To my knowledge, theoretically at least, all the leading universities of the North now admit Negroes. Two institutions for Negroes have a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. Recognition of Negro ability is not always certain in white institutions but between 1910 and 1940 some 45 Negro students were elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Between 1910 and 1917 six Negroes received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy while between 1937 and 1947 some three hundred such degrees were conferred.

Today the health of the Negro has improved but it still lags behind that of the whites. The life expectancy of a Negro is still 8 to 10 years less than that of a white. Negroes are still refused admittance to hospitals; medical schools still discriminate against the admission of Negroes and medical societies still hinder their work. Negroes are on the staffs of some hospitals. Recently a Negro was permitted to attend Negro patients in a segregated hospital in Florida. The Amer-

ican College of Surgeons now grants Negro physicians admission.

Effort has been made to separate Negroes from whites so they would have little real knowledge and understanding of each other. Natural human relations between the two on the basis of equality, friendship and common objectives and goals are unusual. The result is that most white Americans do not have Negro friends or an opportunity for making them. For years social contact was restricted almost entirely to domestic and personal service employees where it was often characterized by affection and consideration. In recent years there has been an increase in normal human relations between Negroes and whites and today, especially in our large cities, Negroes and whites meet in clubs, at social gatherings, dinners, et cetera. Perhaps a third of the family units by the Federal Housing Authority has been made available to Negroes. There have been decisions against restrictive covenants. Much of the recent public housing is interracial in theory and increasingly so in fact, notably in Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Chicago and New York.

There is some increase in intermarriage but few changes in the intermarriage laws.

In science there is increasing willingness to consider the scientific achievements of Negroes. More Negroes are granted fellowships and positions as laboratory assistants and teaching assistants in universities and colleges of the North. Negro chemists and engineers are now working in the research departments of great industries. There are now a number of Negroes in important teaching positions in the North. There is more and more democracy in the fields of art and literature; more and more opportunity in these spheres depends upon ability rather than race. Science and the general public have attacked the old concepts of race. The old stereotypes are disappearing or are less emphasized.

In the field of sports there has been

some letting down of the barriers in baseball, track, football, et cetera. They are crumbling in tennis but the barriers are still high in golf, bowling and as jockeys in horse racing.

Another credit is the increasing number of national organizations which refuse to meet in parts of the country where hotel and other accommodations will not be furnished to their Negro members. Today there are only forty Negroes out of nine thousand employees of the State Department in Foreign Service: one a stenographer in Paris, another a vice-consul, a third Consul-General in Portugal, and the rest are practically confined to Africa.

All this gives us hope; yet we know quite well that the Negro problem in the United States is not settled and perhaps is not even well on the way to settlement. The Negro is still the victim of restrictions and discriminations not suffered by any other group of Americans. We are still attacking the results of the causes rather than the causes as such. Perhaps the solution lies in complete cultural and biological assimilation—at least this is a suggested solution for other minorities.

"Our escutcheon as Americans is without stain. We have had a share in the making of this nation. In the mine and in the mill, at the lathe and at the loom, in counting room and council chamber, the Jew has been at work for two centuries and a half for his America. He has sentryed his nation's camp; he has been in the mast's look-out on his nation's ship; he has gone out to battle, and he was among them that fell at the firing line. Officer, private, whatever his rank, when the nation asked for life or limb, he did not hesitate to offer the sacrifice. In institutions of learning the Jew has made his mark. In the walks of enterprise his individuality has been felt as a telling potency in the development of the greater aims of American energy.

The future will place new solemn obligations upon us for the country's sake and as Judaism's consecration; we shall not shirk our duties."

EMIL G. HIRSCH

Conversations with Carl Sandburg

By HARRY ROSKOLENKO

THE TELEPHONE RANG and a voice in drawling, well-tempered tones said, "This is Carl Sandburg." I was tempted to reply, "Yeah, and this is Walt Whitman!" Instead, I mumbled, "Hello Charley!" believing it to be a friend who invariably phoned in one of many literary disguises. But the unknown voice insisted on remaining Carl Sandburg, whom I had never met or heard, despite ten minutes of incredulity and disbelief. When he said "Wed-nes-day," breaking the word into 3 syllables, I finally was convinced, especially when he told me how much he liked a review I had written of his *Collected Poems*. As Charley would say, "Flattery will get you everywhere!"

We met, a week later, at the pent-house apartment of a New York cartoonist who was sculpting a head of Sandburg. It was a hot August evening and Sandburg had stripped down to his shirt. The patio, high above the streets, facing the glass slabs of the UN building, was washed by a stream of cool breeze. The exact Sandburgian images composed the scene—the tenements facing south, the huge empire of tall buildings to the north, the UN structure. It was Sandburg's world on many levels of the mind. He is a poet who immediately brings, by name and association, his poetry into play. His work is recalled once he is mentioned—his entire range of mammoth pageantry falls into relief.

He seemed always conscious of his materials, but not in a literary sense; rather, as speech, as things to wonder about, to re-create in language for fellowship. When the drinks came, I was still expect-

ing Sandburg to talk shop, to say things that could become solid substance for autobiographical treatment. But he was mostly concerned with sitting indifferently for a portrait, occasionally filling out the void on the terrace by telling a joke. He was the focal center of six pairs of eyes, on exhibition, as it were. There is little escape at such a time, except to pun, to break through the setting—and so he punned away.

We agreed easily, when we could face the pleasant wrath of the sculptor and speak, that Pound was our best poet; but that he was a traitor, his crimes unassuaged by the follies of his best defenders. He almost shouted at that point, making an issue of our agreement. Yet it was a desultory conversation, committed in bits and pieces, drifting between comment less about poetry and more about the human qualities of poets, a differentiation made only too obvious these days. His Icelandic face and yellowed-white hair falling in a bang over his forehead, made my wife (who is Chinese) say that he looked quite oriental. His eyes have that quality. Before the era of ingrown bitterness in "criticism," a critic poet had said that Sandburg's poetry had Japanese *Hokku* grains settled in his imagery and lines. He was especially amused when he heard that someone was writing a doctoral thesis called "The Oriental Influences In Sandburg's Poetry." It was not evident in the way he used chopsticks, so it must be via osmosis, he thought.

"We got to eat," said Sandburg. I went off to the grocery with him, to help carry back the al-fresco dinner he was buying;

delicatessen, cheese, pickles, bread, beer, head-cheese and some Swedish assortments. In the store, as the two huge brown bags were handed to us, I asked how long the Lincoln books had taken him. "Twelve years, and many a time I just wanted to escape, to die . . ." His voice rumbled biblically. There is much of the old prophet about him, his pithy talk working up the sum and substance of moral values. He has a phrase to match any kind of talk; epigrams roll out, bits of unpublished nonsense verse, to fill in a mood. It is word-talk, play-talk, boy-talk, fooling around with the language. He is never academic but alive and alert for nuances of meaning. The setting is important. Several months later when I introduced Sandburg to Ahron Ben-Shmuel, a sculptor and non-objectivist painter, he was asked, after much argument, to define poetry. "I've written at least sixty-four definitions, so I guess I can't," said Sandburg. "That's fine—for I can't do as well with non-objectivist painting," answered Ben-Shmuel. "I've only got one definition—*paint!*"

It was something to laugh over and we did. Both of them agreed that it was not in the definitions but in the work—only that mattered.

William Randolph Hearst had died the night before the pent-house visit, having created something auspicious in journalism, particularly for those who were around at the birth of the *Yellow Kid*. Sandburg was, and when the al-fresco food and drink had mixed up nicely and we had been joined by another, a petulant critic who made over-bilious comments re Hearst, Sandburg froze him. He sensed hostility, the lack of good-will, the critic come to judgment, anxious to attack—just to attack. For there was no anger in Sandburg but a kind of homey dignity, even about Hearst. Comedy and irony, yes—but not cheapness. That was foul. Later, when Sandburg, extempore, sang, recited, talked his ad-libbed *Ballad Of Willy Randolph Hearst*, he muted the

obvious and created a witty piece, shot full of epigrams, unforgettable in its echoes, though most of the lines are gone. He created, through the legend of Hearst, a tabloid history of our times, using common knowledge, Chicago memories, journalist jargon, with on-the-spot-jabs of reference. He was the generous pamphleteer and troubadour as he tapped his feet in lieu of a banjo—and for 45 minutes we got a rich treatment of Hearst, a ballad about Willy, a communication on many levels, with infinite varieties of images and phrases. I recall:

"He was dead yesterday, Willy;
He'll be dead tomorrow, Willy;
He'll be dead in every room at San Simeon. . . ."

Sandburg returned to New York early in October. I phoned Ben-Shmuel, an expert on Chinese food and to Wah Kee's on Doyer Street we went. We sat in the back, in a corner, amid kitchen supplies and waited for food. Punchy, the waiter, served us rice-wine—more fire than water. But we drank it, in cupfuls, as we ate. Soon Sandburg gave up the chopsticks and used a Chinese spoon and an ordinary fork. A party of four at the next table stared at Sandburg. They studied him, glared and peered, questioning each other. I heard one say: "He looks like Carl Sandburg, but he's not," in a Nebraskan voice. Carl said it was Iowan—and he was right, as we later found out. From another table, a girl in blue-jeans, who had just come in, dashed over: "Yuh Carl Sandburg," she asked. "No! I'm Robert Frost, or maybe Robinson Jeffers!" said Sandburg. Gongs of laughter and a little bit of chagrin went from questioner to questioner. It was all kid-fun, bursting over the rice-wine and the five beautiful dishes ordered by Ben-Shmuel, for color, taste—"quite objectivist dishes"—said Sandburg.

He cut his cigar in two and gave me half. He was thinking of art, of sculpture, of our host, Ben-Shmuel, who had quit sculpture after a very successful career to teach himself to paint this "non-objec-

tivist stuff." Sandburg wanted to see the sculpture and the painting. Before going to Ben-Shmuel's studio, we stopped at a saloon off the Bowery, frequented by Ben-Shmuel because it is handy to Wah Kee's. A seventy year-old drunk, a drifter, looked at Sandburg and asked, "Who dat man? He is a doctor, I bet, a doctor. Hi ya Doc! I dance for him, but no music here . . ." But it was music enough when the barman offered us a drink on the house to celebrate the Jewish New Year. "L'Chaim!" went the toast. The drifter was still larruping about, dancing for Doc Sandburg. As we were leaving, the drifter said, "Jesus, I love that man!" It was funny enough and quite a drama in simple and genteel feelings, moving all of us, particularly the Armenian dancer with us. She later thought of choreographing the scene, replete with the walk up the Bowery for a *prop*, the wine-drunks on the curbs, sprawled, and the biting picture we later encountered, a drunk asleep before the rich-wide entrance to a bank, staged, we thought, to fit a sequence from Sandburg's poetry.

A tremendous teller of stories, a raconteur, with naturalness and ease, Sandburg does not 'opine' his way into art. In his three-cornered relationship to writing—as a poet, folk-sayer and historian about Lincoln, he had rounded the literary arts of the day—on a mammoth level, to get to the sound, the word, the myth of America. You see much of our past, the colors of our country, as the word emerges from his pen. Sculptured in rhetoric and a devouring image, it bursts forth again in equations of love. At seventy four he can say, with Sandburgian stance: "I am happy to be out of jail, eating regular, and getting what I write printed. I like fellowship but I don't need approval—I was born of dissenters . . ."

And he dissented when he saw the non-objectivist canvases of Ben-Shmuel and talked about "a black cat in a black hole." But he was meeting a man who was equally a dissenter. "You don't have to

like my work—I like it!" said Ben-Shmuel as he swore in Arabic and Yiddish. "It's poetry! I'm concerned with color and form so that the painting lives. It's the only living painting today . . . I can be as academic as the next painter, but that is only death. It does nothing anymore and says less," said Ben-Shmuel. The debate decreased the more Sandburg saw, and he was moved to awe and admiration when he saw Ben-Shmuel's modern-classical sculpture. "What an artist! What a craftsman! What a man . . . pure emotion!"

The walk from Doyer Street to East 31st had not tired him, though it was about three miles in distance. We talked of poetry, its niggardly state, how queer it had gone, perverted, distorted, a bastard in too many ways. "It don't sing anymore. It don't make pictures . . ." It has lost its history and for the most part is hysterical. It was a patient in fever, dead or merely dying, full of untraceable laments. You could no longer chart a line of progress in the major notes. It was brilliant, shrieking, tortured in its landscape, full of backwashes, but without a clear, clean conception. Few names were mentioned, though the important poets were talked about as signposts, as men past. Some weeks before I had written Sandburg regarding a bitter review William Carlos Williams had done of him for the September issue of *Poetry*. He answered, in part: "I would feel sorry for Williams if it were not that I know he is happy and has delivered more than eleven hundred babies into this mortal realm of blood and battle . . ." Not asking for approval, Sandburg has a greater humanity. It is noble, in any event; a kind of way to grow up, to be above the blunder and the thunder of criticism; a decency we miss in literature.

I recall the story of his first kid-job. He swept a real-estate office in Galesburg, Illinois, a town I knew too well, also as a kid, for I had bummed through it at fourteen, with a few mishaps. He got two-bits a week. "That's what they paid

me and that's what I earned. It only took a half-hour every working morning. But those two partners, a German and a Swede—what men! With roll-top desks, back to back, they land-sharked their way to a fortune. . . ."

Sandburg apologized to me and was ashamed for his birth-place when I told him that I was beaten up and later thrown into the hoosegow, back in 1922. The next morning I was escorted out of town, via motorcycle, and told to keep walking—in any direction but *back*. "But the same thing happened to me!" he said, "so we're even . . ." and he related a story to match my own, only too true about railroad bulls. "We've both been *bums* so we know a few things!" He did not say "hobos." The extra-sensitive word had its own variety of meaning then, and he rendered it exactly.

When I told him I was reading J. C. Furnas's fine biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, and urged him to read it, he just laughed slowly. "No one is going to take my Stevenson from me. He's been with me too long. Why, when I read a book about Harriet Beecher Stowe, one of those intimate biographies, I lost *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—I got dispossessed."

He was bemused when I said: "It's strange that you have not been awarded the Nobel Prize. After all, you have contributed a view of America as a poet, folksayer and historian. And though you love to call yourself an *anar-chist*, it makes you about the best democrat in the country . . ." But he was not interested; he was not thinking about it; it just had not happened. My minor intercession probably spoiled the next block for him.

It was hot walking, even though it was early in October. In the restaurant he had taken off his dark jacket. When he took off his bow-tie, he could easily have been taken for a Bowery bum, just up from the curb.

He likes people, without disguises, in their natural habitat. He wants them to talk and he wants to talk, and his talk

makes little bits of magic. The ordinary is no longer common-place; the fixed idea becomes unhinged, and things begin to take on essence and flavor.

His talk has *form* like his extemporaneous ballad on Hearst. You feel he is playing with an art that is singularly his own, the modern troubadour who writes and sings the word of today. The word is in the making, hourly, daily, like a newspaper; an *extra* making up a dramatic situation. He is a permanent, non-sleeping, talking-stage, picking up material here and there, from signs in the street, from the flotsam walking up and down, endlessly observed, heard, smelled, sensed. It is history brought down, gossip brought up—dished up from talk.

When I asked if any of our recent Presidents had read his Lincoln books, Sandburg replied: "F. D. R. was too busy. Hoover, he was an engineer. But if he had been a box-car bum—well!" This was followed by some salty opinions, well peppered, too, but in a tradition about Hoover. "But Truman read my inscription which said, in part, 'To accommodate the loneliness and laughter in the White House'. . . Truman liked that and he wrote me a letter. . . ."

We went back to his early days, to his brief stay at West Point: "I don't know a verb from a noun today and I only lasted two weeks at West Point." He takes boyish pride in that, for he has no time, aesthetically, for regimentation. He prefers being the *anar-chist* and dissenter, the maker of so much of the past American dream, the images that went into the slabs of our edifices, that rolled the materials as the country came up, tall, big, spacious, all covered with signs, neon-blasted into the eternity that is America today.

Our three evenings together were a mingling of talk running over, confused in time and place, never repeated. When Ben-Shmuel served Turkish coffee after a fine Tunisian dinner, Sandburg dunked in it, much to Ben-Shmuel's irritation.

He commented about Sandburg's direct approach to food. . . .

"What you've just done is non-objective, you know."

"What do you think my Rootabagga stories are?" asked Sandburg. "It is tone, color, form—and nonsense, perfect for Walt Disney."

Form, above all, was important. It is obvious in the things he admires, in the style he uses, their largeness and continuous elements, their sense of distance, the end inherent in the beginning; the start that provokes, and the finish that just wanders off, startled, accumulative, yet arrested in meaning. If ever a man was his work, Sandburg is. He lives it at all instances, a man and his own myths walking and talking it out. His written flavors and nuances echo in his speech, his walk, his natural and basic personality—for he is his poetry on all levels of communication. It is a tabloid and he carries it, editorially, as well as the news-section—on exhibition. It is not just aimless talk but pertinent things recalled and made into an art, into stories that entwine him to his past, his America, his Chicago, his inner sense of worth, and a reasoned goodness about man.

As we were leaving Ben-Shmuel's early in the morning, Ben-Shmuel cracked: "And if you want a head made of you, get Epstein. I don't sculpt anymore!"

"Just a lot of Rootabagga—that's all!" Laughter, handshakes, a taxi, a lot of rain. "I don't want to wet Ben-Shmuel's wonderful little drawings," said Sandburg, having selected four from over two-hundred he viewed. He worried about them.

"Pure emotion!" he said in the taxi . . . "Pure emotion!" Then that deep held laugh as the taxi headed for 42nd Street and Third Avenue.

"I got to get the *Times*, the *Tribune*, the *News* and the *Mirror*, and I'll sit up and read for a few hours," he said. The same towers. The UN building to the left and slums to the south; the city without

the prairies outside. A thousand anecdotes floated around me as Sandburg grinned "goodnight." You just don't leave him despite the late hour.

He phoned the next day to talk with "Congressman Roskolenko." I must have made some political points about our current Administration's Asia policy. He was now a "Senator" and he said, "You can tell a President by his vetoes—so just read the record—look at those vetoes!" He laughs off your views and you do likewise. . . .

His literary line, straight or crooked, is continuous, with little offshoots of regional flavors, but it binds him to a host of men—Whitman, Frost, Masters, Lindsay—for their variations and times meet in many well-joined sectors of the American spirit; on the frontier that disappeared much too quickly, before we had time to change the language. They meet in a literary culture that blasted its way, not gently, but too sad that "progress" raced in the fashion it did. It made America harsh but sentimental, and we have such a tradition for our greatness; rough, bare, immense, biblical, with Lincoln in our middle-age, and Sandburg talking, singing—falling into the accumulated picture. He has the humility of individual greatness, and yet he is a myth in his own time. The academic critic will hack away at him, as will others, but he is too big a figure in our literature to be affected.



The Funeral CHARLES HECHTER

Disraeli and the Jewish State

By Bernard G. Richards and Mark Wischnitzer

THE MOMENTOUS JEWISH EVENTS of recent turbulent years, marked by the memorable dates of November 29, 1947 and May 14, 1948, and culmination in the rise of the State of Israel brought a great human struggle for freedom and independence to an end, but did not write "finish" to the soul-stirring history of the Zionist ideal, enriched by a hallowed past and replete with the drama and romance more characteristic of imaginative literature. The epic story is far from closed. On the contrary the establishment of the new republic has sent many students to the sources of the stream of ideas, hopes, and predictions, sentiments and proposals, which have in the course of time and in an almost miraculous manner, been realized in the State of Israel.

It will take years to assemble all the scattered parts of this sprawling chronicle, with projects for the restoration of Judea to the Jews emanating from prophets and visionaries in different times and varied climes. The ingathering of the records, in a sense, runs parallel to the further "ingathering of the exiles." Already the renewed scholarly and literary activities stimulated by the re-born Jewish state have resulted in uncovering long-hidden chapters in the annals of the Jewish nationalist movement. By a striking coincidence, one unknown document was discovered by an Austrian-Jewish scholar, living and laboring in Palestine, just about the time when the fate of the Jewish State was hanging in the balance, both on the battle fields of Judea and at the sessions of the United Nations. Due, undoubtedly to concentration on the im-

mediate emergency and to the distractions of the time, this discovery, outside of references to it in the Palestine Hebrew press, was somehow lost in the shuffle. It remained unknown, even to the statesmen meeting in international conferences, to say nothing of the general public, which also means readers of the Anglo-Jewish press.

To come to the main thesis of this forgotten publication, it advances the claim that not Theodore Herzl, Viennese journalist and playwright, not the "dreamer turned diplomat," but a great European statesman, the outstanding Premier of his nation turned visionary, and fascinated by the romance of the Orient, first projected a comprehensive idea of a Jewish state in Palestine.

Strangely enough, the statesman who was a voluminous writer and bequeathed many volumes to posterity left no trace of the original manuscript of this project, and Dr. Herzl, to whom the plan was known some twenty years after publication, stated that he never would have written his book, *The Jewish State* if he had known of the earlier pamphlet. Yet afterwards he made no mention of the work in his extensive three-volume diary for a reason that will be made clear as we proceed with the story.

A little anonymous tract of sixteen pages published seventy years ago in Vienna under the caption of "Die Juedische Frage in der Orientalischen Frage," (The Jewish Question Within the Oriental question) was brought out in the summer of 1947 in Tel-Aviv in a photostat edition. This photographic reproduction of original text and format, with Hebrew trans-

lation, was embodied in a one-hundred-page Hebrew book, *Tochnit Hamedena Hayehudim le Lord Beaconsfield*, with commentary by Dr. N. M. Gelber, telling the whole story of a long-lost brochure. This publication, though intended for a small circle of scholars, nevertheless came as a revelation to a considerable number of students of Zionist history who had remained unaware of this particular fascinating chapter of Zionism. Early in that year an English translation of the pamphlet was issued in Baltimore, but even this occurrence, so close to home, did not penetrate our absorption in the compelling issues of the period.

The appearance of the tract in 1877, twenty years prior to the founding of the Zionist world organization, marked a notable event in modern Jewish history, though the publication was not particularly remarkable in itself, as similar schemes of Jewish restoration in Palestine had previously been advanced, even by non-Jewish political writers, divines, philosophers, and men of affairs since the seventeenth century, not to speak of the vast literature on the subject by Jewish authors, rabbis and laymen as well.

Whether the statesmen of our time, called upon to find a solution for this knotty problem, have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with all the early plans and the feasibility of a Jewish state in Palestine, is not pertinent now, except as it may refute the claims of the Arabs that Zionism is a new and unheard of invention. What is highly remarkable about the anonymous tract of 1877 on Palestine, is that it is attributed to no less a person than Lord Beaconsfield, the former Benjamin Disraeli, Great Britain's outstanding Premier, and the accredited architect of the British Empire.

Beaconsfield wrote the tract, it appears, on the eve of preparations for the Berlin Congress (June-July, 1878) which was to deal with the Oriental problem. He sent the manuscript to the British Ambassador in Vienna, Sir Andrew Buchan, with the

request that he have a translation into German made and arrange for its publication without, however, indicating the name of the author. Sir Andrew asked his friend, the Austrian statesman and political writer, Baron Johan von Chlumecky, to undertake the task.

It was through the newly-found memoirs of Baron von Chlumecky and the Austrian statesman, Leon Ritter von Bilinsky, member of the Austrian Parliament who served as Minister of Finance from 1895 to 1897, and who held other high posts as well, that this submerged chapter of history was first brought to light.

The tract, which they certify to be the work of Lord Beaconsfield, at the very outset advances the following proposition:

With bated breath, the whole continent is waiting for the curtain to rise on the historic drama of Eastern Europe. It needs neither political acumen nor major gifts of insight to recognize that past events and future developments in that area are bound to affect material and imminent changes in the national structure not only of Europe but also of those Asiatic peoples who now live under Ottoman domination.

It can now no longer be doubted that the Ottoman Empire which has been heading so rapidly for a crash, will sooner or later collapse or at least undergo considerable amputation. Who can foretell, however, what is going to eventuate? In view, however, of current tendencies in nationalist thought, the most likely possibility would seem to be that, where the major powers have no contrary designs, a number of new, more or less independent multinational states will be brought into being. This eventuality is by no means remote; and in connection with it, it may be opportune to invite the attention of both enlightened nations and high-minded, influential individuals to an historical fact which may now escape them but with which they will sooner or later be compelled to reckon.

Ever since nations and their rulers gave up the ancient method of dealing with the nationality question by exterminating, uprooting, and oppressing every element of the population which thought, felt or acted differently from themselves, it has become the common practice to encourage minorities to develop their own peculiar traditions, manners, customs, usages and languages with the idea that they may all be embraced within one comprehensive society. Our own cen-

tury has been particularly distinguished for its pursuit of this policy, and the result has been—as is patent to all—that not only has the national consciousness of the several peoples been materially advanced but they have also received greater recognition from the outside world, frequently with advantageous consequences.

The author then points out that though the Jews had so far not proclaimed their right to statehood their national consciousness has not been lost or weakened throughout the ages. The Jewish spirit is alive. Even those Christians who advocate political emancipation of the Jews are aware of that phenomenon. Some claim civic rights for the Jews out of political wisdom or economic considerations, while others believe that with the abolition of disabilities the Jews might in time become Christians.

But this situation cannot remain forever, and the nineteenth century will have to solve the national question of the Jews. It is an urgent problem. Jewish nationality is to Beaconsfield not identical with Jewish religion. The national consciousness of the Jews, dispersed all over the world, is not in his mind, based on their religious beliefs. He ventures to think that this national consciousness will continue to remain alive even after the Jews obtain political emancipation. And he is convinced that this national consciousness will prompt the Jewish people to aspire for national independence, for statehood. Should we not, he asks, try to accelerate this process right now? Should we not act immediately to establish the Jewish state in Palestine without waiting for future possibilities? The author's reply to these questions is that the European powers should include the Jewish problem in the framework of the Oriental problem. "If the Turkish Empire," he says, "is really to be dissolved or reduced, should they not perhaps restore Palestine and take the initiative in reconstituting the ancient Jewish state either as a monarchy or a republic?"

The writer acknowledges that such a solution of the problem may at first sound

"bizarre and fanciful." And how can the many different Jewish groups from all parts of the world be merged into one nation? Beaconsfield points to history. History has shown that the 600,000 Jewish slaves brought out of Egypt formed a nation in Palestine. The same occurred after the return of the Jews to Palestine from the Babylonian exile. The scattered remnants of Israel should once more, and for the third time, be assembled on its own soil.

Now follows a passage which might have sounded clearer in the English original. But even in the translation from German it forms a significant statement. "Let us assume," says the author, "that under the terms of this proposed solution of the Oriental question, the Jewish homeland were to be placed under the domination of one of the European powers, and that the Jews, still bearing in their hearts their old love for their country and assured of justice and freedom, were to flock thither and found colonies. Is it not probable that within, say, half a century, there would be developed in that land a compact Jewish people, one million strong, speaking one language (*i.e.*, that of the protecting power) and animated by one spirit—the typical national spirit—the desire to achieve autonomy and independence?"

The words of the famous statesman, with remarkable vision of the future had come true on more than one occasion. The hundreds of Jewish settlements, as they grew and prospered were welded into one unified *yishub* in Palestine. And the people in the settlements became, at least potentially, one nation, and spoke one language, Hebrew, their own language, and not that of a protecting power, as Beaconsfield envisaged. In that respect he erred, but his figure of a million Jewish people in Palestine after a fifty-year interval, has been fully realized and thanks to unexpected dramatic events, now exceeded.

The power that Beaconsfield had in

mind was Great Britain. Palestine should be placed under its protectorate because of its importance to England's position in the Near East, as a bridge between the Suez Canal and Mesopotamia and India. When this should come to pass, the Jews would flock *en masse* to Palestine and colonize it with such speed as to become the chief constituent of the country in a few decades. As soon as they reached a high level of social and cultural development they would obtain the status of self-government, like Canada. "How greatly," exclaims Beaconsfield, "would the Jewish people benefit hereby. Its national feeling would be satisfied, its passionate longing consummated; it would have attained respect both in the eyes of other nations and in its own eyes."

Beaconsfield's authorship of the tract is attested to by its translator into German who, as stated, was Baron Chlumecky, and who disclosed it to Ritter Leo von Bilinski, the other eminent Austro-Hungarian statesman of that period who figures in this history. Chlumecky, it should be noted, had a first-hand knowledge of all matters connected with the Berlin Congress. He was, therefore, in a position to confide to Bilinski that Beaconsfield had the intention of bringing up the Palestine problem before the Berlin Congress.

But there is many a slip between a proposal in international politics and its final disposition. The denouement to the high adventure came when Lord Beaconsfield had his first preliminary conversation with Prince Bismarck and Count Julius Andrassy, Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs—Beaconsfield, Bismarck and Andrassy were the "Big Three" at the Congress. Exactly what the "Iron Chancellor" said is not on record, but it is seemingly enough that he shook his head in dissent. To all intents and purposes, the scheme was vetoed and the proposal was never brought before the Congress.

Beaconsfield at once dropped the whole

matter and ordered the Viennesse Embassy to stop circulation of the pamphlet and to destroy it. All these statements of Chlumecky are included in the diaries of Bilinski who had received a copy of the tract from his friend. Except for a few extracts and quoted passages, Bilinski's diaries have remained unpublished and have only now become known through the two recent re-publications of the Beaconsfield tract.

At first glance the question arises how Beaconsfield, who had always been friendly to the Turks, could suggest partition or amputation of the Ottoman Empire, but the paradox is more apparent than real. It is to be recalled that the brochure was written during the Turko-Russian war of 1876-77, at a time when Russian armies moved in the direction of Istanbul which made many people in Europe think of the approaching dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. Beaconsfield who had, since the beginning of his literary and political career, been a champion of the restoration of Palestine to the Jewish people, had now, with new conditions developing in the Orient, perceived the approach of the time for the fulfilment of his dream.

In *The Wonderous Tale of Alroy* the only novel of a distinctly Jewish character which Beaconsfield wrote, he wove a dream of Jewish national restoration in ancient Judea around the life of the Persian-born, David Alroy, mystic and pseudo-Messiah, who in the twelfth century gathered around him the mountain Jews of Azerbaijan and raised a revolt against the Moslems to redeem the Holy Land. *Tancred*, too, is permeated with the glamor of the Orient and breathes the atmosphere which cast its spell upon Disraeli during his three year sojourn in the East, when he visited Jerusalem.

"Say what they like," says Herbert in *Venetia*, "there is a spell on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea which no others can rival. Never did such a union of monumental loveliness and magical asso-

ciations so awaken all that interests us in the past—Egypt and Palestine, Greece, Rome and Carthage, Moorish Spain and feudal Italy. These shores have yielded us our arts, our literature and our laws. If all we gained from the shores of the Mediterranean were erased from the memory of man we would be savages."

The idea of encouraging a great Jewish settlement in Palestine coincided with the developments in the Near East, and in 1839-1840, when Lord Palmerston evinced so much interest in a return of Israel to its historic homeland that other noted British statesmen and leaders of thought were greatly impressed by such a possibility. Now in the eventful year of 1877 it occurred to Beaconsfield that with the then imminent disarmament of Turkey, the Jews would have the opportunity to return to their ancient homeland under a British protectorate.

However, the Russians did not reach Istanbul. An armistice was concluded in San Stefano. This retreat of the Russians changed the political situation. Beaconsfield realized the new trend of events. The Berlin Congress dealt with the Oriental question but not on the basis of a dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. The San Stefano treaty was revised in favor of Turkey. Faced with this development and with his plan of a Jewish State in Palestine frowned upon by both Bismarck and Andrassy, he decided to let the anonymous pamphlet sink into oblivion. This, in all probability, explains why nothing about the pamphlet has emanated from British circles close to Beaconsfield and why no mention is to be found in his standard biographies.

A similar fate met the move of Napoleon Bonaparte to erect a Jewish state in Palestine. On April 20, 1799, at the height of his campaign in Palestine, Bonaparte issued a proclamation to the Jews of the world to return to their "patri-mony." But things turned, soon, in another direction. Acre resisted the French who, in addition, suffered from

pestilence. Bonaparte retreated to Egypt and suddenly left for Paris, where he became ruler of France. He had to give up his plans for the Near East, and was eager to let his Palestine scheme be forgotten.

In an intellectual atmosphere of Messianic speculation on the part of the British divines, some of whom identified the English with the Ten Lost Tribes and many of whom voiced solicitude for the fate of oppressed Jewry in distant lands, the thoughts of the brilliant statesman who so proudly proclaimed his Jewish identity in the halls of Parliament did not remain unknown to the political leaders of his time.

British public men seem to have expected Beaconsfield's move with regard to Palestine at the Berlin Congress. A significant remark was made in the influential newspaper *The Spectator* of May 10, 1879; "If he (Beaconsfield) had freed the Holy Land and restored it to the Jews, as he might have done, instead of pottering about Rumania and Afghanistan, he would have died Dictator." And Herbert Sidebotham, in "Great Britain and Palestine, 1937," in a survey of diplomatic events during and after the Berlin Congress, echoing the opinions of an array of Beaconsfield's contemporaries says: "The Conference ended and nothing was done for the Jews," meaning that nothing was done about the re-settlement in Palestine.

From other sources we learn that Beaconsfield continued to evince interest in a Jewish homeland in Palestine, after the Berlin Congress. He ordered the British Ambassador in Istanbul, Sir Arnold White, to sound out the Sultan as regards an autonomous settlement of the Jews in Palestine; and Sir Arnold reported that the Sultan was in agreement with the scheme. But later the Turkish Ambassador in London, Rustem Pasha, took an antagonistic attitude to the proposal, and he and other persons, exerting much influence at the Porte, succeeded in having the project shelved. In November

1878, Beaconsfield was approached by the former Member of Parliament, diplomat and author, Laurence Oliphant, with a request to support his endeavors to obtain from the Sultan a charter for at least 25 years for a Company which would establish a mass settlement in that part of Palestine which in ancient times was known as the land of Gilead, the settlers to be drawn from the ranks of persecuted Jews in Rumania and southern Russia. Beaconsfield fully approved of the idea and recommended Oliphant to the Foreign Secretary, Lord Salisbury. The memorandum submitted to the latter by Oliphant, setting forth the whole plan, is one of many highly illuminating documents illustrating innumerable Jewish efforts to find a new foothold in Palestine.*

As indicated above, the question of Palestine and the possible return of the Jews from places of exile and oppression to the ancient Homeland, occupied the minds of many non-Jewish leaders of thought in England, France, and other lands, and the late Nahum Sokolow, who was one of the great leaders as well as an historian of Zionism, has compiled a list of the pioneer proposals and plans which were discussed and publicized chiefly in the late 1870's. Among others who occupied themselves with this idea in England was Lord Shaftesbury, a brilliant and progressive figure in English politics, who as early as 1840 endeavored to interest Lord Palmerston in the Jewish rehabilitation of the Holy Land. In 1876 he published a magazine article in which he raised the question as to how long Palestine should be left a desert whereas the Jews could populate it and restore it to new life and prosperity, at the same time, pointing out that such a resettlement would be to the interest and of benefit to Great Britain.

"A nation must have a country," he said, referring to the Jews. "The old land, the old people. This is not an artificial

experiment; it is nature, it is history." Shaftesbury was a close friend of Beaconsfield and a staunch admirer of his foreign policy. His published appeal for the revival of Palestine may have served as a background for Lord Beaconsfield's pamphlet.

In 1922 the historian of the pre-Herzl period of Zionism, Dr. N. M. Gelber, found a copy of Beaconsfield's pamphlet in one of the Viennese archives and immediately arranged to have a photostatic copy made of it. Being a cautious and careful scholar, he labored and searched for a long time before coming to a final conclusion about the authorship of the pamphlet. Subsequently he came into the possession of parts of Bilinski's diary, and this convinced him that Beaconsfield was the real author of the brochure. With the assistance of Chaim Bloch, another noted Austrian-Jewish scholar, who is now living in New York, the material was smuggled out of Vienna in 1934, just on the eve of the Nazi invasion. Dr. Bloch placed another copy of parts of Bilinski's diary at the disposal of Dr. N. R. Frankel of Baltimore, who published an English version of these documents, the translation having been made by Dr. Theodore H. Gaster.

Beaconsfield's pamphlet had been withdrawn from circulation and the original English version of it apparently destroyed, but a copy of the German translation was preserved in the library of Bilinski. In 1896, Dr. Theodore Herzl, published his book, *The Jewish State*, which, of course, gave rise to the modern movement of political Zionism. This book was read and commented upon not only by Jews. Baron Chlumecky read it, and remarked to Bilinski that there was nothing original about it; Herzl, he said, had probably read the Beaconsfield pamphlet. Chlumecky, however, was mistaken. Herzl had no idea whatever about the pamphlet when he wrote *The Jewish State*. After he became acquainted with Baron Chlumecky and learned from him about the

* See Wischnitzer, Mark, *To Dwell in Safety*: Jewish Publication Society, 1949.

existence of the Beaconsfield pamphlet, we find the following entries in his diary:

Today I showed Herzl the pamphlet without, however, mentioning the name of the author. He asked to borrow it for a few days and only when he was leaving did I tell him that it was by Disraeli.

Several days later he wrote:

Herzl has returned the Disraeli pamphlet. He is enthusiastic about it and said he would never have written his own *Judenstaat* (Jewish State) if he had known of it before and read it. He was especially struck by Disraeli's idea that in the revival of the Jewish Nation, the chief factor would be the preservation of the nationality and not religion; in other words, the new State was to be modern and not rigidly Mosaic.

Herzl's diaries, as indicated, contain nothing about his meetings with Bilinski. Bilinski's memoirs, which were published after his death in 1924, contain likewise not a word about his meetings with Herzl. Consequently, nothing came to light about their talk on the Beaconsfield pamphlet. Gelber was puzzled about it and so were those who read the extract from the Bilinski diaries in Gelber's book. The reason for the reticence of both Herzl and Bilinski is given by one of Herzl's colleagues, the Editor of his journal, *Die Welt*. Dr. Samuel Raphael Landau who as a war-time refugee from Austria died in New York in 1945, in his memoirs "Sturm und Drang in Zionism," Vienna, 1937, explains the circumstances. He says in part: "Herzl has not published anything in his diaries about a number of important discussions with a famous Austrian statesman because he was sworn to secrecy. The statesman in question was Dr. Leon von Bilinski, at first Austrian Minister of Finance, then Governor of the Austro-Hungarian Bank and, finally, before the outbreak of World War I, Austro-Hungarian Minister of Finance who stood in high favor with the Emperor Franz Joseph I Bilinski became acquainted with Herzl who had been introduced to him by Dr. Joseph S. Bloch, leading Viennese Rabbi, and for many years editor of *Ossterreichische Wochenschnift*, militant organ of Austrian Jewry.

The Austrian statesman and Zionist leader frequently discussed Jewish affairs, Palestine colonization and Zionism. Both gentlemen pledged mutually to keep their conversations in strictest confidence and they have both kept their pledges. Consequently, neither Herzl, in his diaries, nor Bilinski, in his posthumous "Memoirs," has made even the slightest reference to their discussions."

Landau continues his story by pointing to a memorandum of Bilinski about "Nationalism and Zionism" which he compiled in 1910 and handed to a few intimate friends. One of these friends was the Polish writer and politician Stanislaw Kozmian. Landau who was acquainted with Kozmian received from him a copy of the Bilinski memorandum in 1922, and published the main points of this interesting document in his book. In this memorandum, Bilinski speaks of his meeting with Herzl through Dr. Bloch, and stresses the point that because of his position as Minister and leading member of the Polish Club in the Austrian Parliament, he had to ask Herzl that nothing should be revealed about their discussion of the *Judenstaat*. Bilinski was strongly opposed to Zionism, as one can gather from the memorandum, but he conceived a deep admiration for Herzl as a personality.

—————

Judaism in one form or another has come to rule the world because it contained within itself the potentiality of a world ideal imparted to it by divine inspiration. If the given form was too narrowly nationalistic to embrace the rest of the world, it gave rise to a new power—grown out of the strength that is enfolded in the very essence of its embryonic growth—and assumed the form which was necessary to suit the Graeco-Roman man. But beneath the new clothes, Judaism worked along its original lines, destroyed the old pagan man and created a new nature within him, gave birth to a new conscience and molded the civilization which goes by the name of Christian. Good or bad, it is our civilization; the other is the one which Hitler wished to create.

SHOLEM ASCH

Pray for the Stranger

By MAX SCHWARTZ

"Yisgaddal va yiskaddas sh'me rabbo"

The phone rang. Harry Lewin could hear it over the Cesar Franck welling over him in the broad open living room. Harry opened his eyes and looked out through the picture-frame window to the lawn. The warm light of the back bedroom of the Keenans next door streamed the hanging moss of the oak tree in the center of the lawn in patches and boxes. Harry stretched comfortably, his oldest girl Leila called to him, "Daddy, mother says it's for you."

He got up and walked out to Mary, she handed him the phone, "I don't understand it at all Honey, doesn't sound like someone we know."

"Thanks dear, you go back to the children. They'll be waiting to say good-night."

The voice in the phone was loud, "Mr. Levine, Mr. Levine?"

"This is Harry Lewin speaking, can I help you?"

"Yes you can Mr. Levine, that's what I'm calling you about. You've got to come over to the hotel. I can't explain it to you over the phone but it's very important."

"Who is this?"

"You don't know me Mr. Levine, but believe me, I wouldn't be asking you if it wasn't so important. Please come right over to the hotel. I don't know what I'll do if you don't."

He stood there in the hall for a moment, vainly trying to think of something to say, and then the sound of a click came out of the ear-phone and he heard the buzzing sound of a cut off circuit. He dialed the Mansion House and the recurrent drone

of a busy signal came back to him. He tried again, the line was still busy, he placed the phone down and walked back into the music that he had been called from by the phone. He turned off the record player, got his jacket, straightened his tie before the hall mirror and called up to Mary.

"Darling, I'm going over to the hotel, I'll try to be right back."

"What are you going over there for dear?"

"I don't know, I'll tell you about it when I get back."

"Hurry."

He got the car out of the garage, as he backed out of the drive-way he could see Kitty next door moving about in the kitchen and he remembered that he'd have to talk to Mart about that new stove she'd told them they wanted.

The hotel lobby was empty, just as it always was on a Friday night. He walked up to Jimmy at the desk.

"How are you son?"

"Good evening Mr. Lewin, what can I do for you?"

"Jimmy, I got a phone call from here a little while ago and I wonder if you could help me?"

"I sure will if I can."

"It was somebody I don't think I know, he had a strange way of talking."

"Well sir, I . . ."

He didn't give the boy a chance to finish, Harry felt impelled to go on, "As a matter of fact, he had a rather distinct Jewish accent I'd say."

"Yes sir, I think I know the party you mean, he asked that you gentlemen all go up to room 327."

"327? Thanks son."

The elevator was not at the landing, he rang and waited and watched the indicator lazily bring it down. The door opened and the boy stood ready for his entrance, the door closed behind him and they began to ascend before he could turn around. He hadn't called out his floor, the car stopped and the boy opened the door and he stepped out. He was on the third floor. He walked down the corridor past the rows of dark mahogany stained doors until he came to the number he sought. He knocked and before he could knock again the door opened. Sam Green stood in front of him looking somewhat bewildered, his hand on the door knob.

"You too eh? Come on in and join the party."

The room was a sample room, there was no bed in it and there were folding chairs opened and lined up with their backs to the wall. He went in, there were a number of people there that he knew. Sam was in the Masons with him of course, and he'd gone to high school with Herman Bronson. He waved back to him. He didn't know Alec Lowenthal personally but he knew who he was by sight, he'd heard he was with some new governmental agency in town, something to do with price or wage stabilization.

Sam offered him a cigarette, he asked him, "What's this all about?"

"Beats me. I just got a phone call, I suppose you did too?"

"Yes I did, I hope it isn't somebody's idea of a joke, I've got other things to do on a Friday night."

"Me too, but I don't think it is. Who ever it was he sounded desperate. The others say that he dashed out for something just before we got here. He should be back in a minute."

The door opened behind them and they moved out of the way of the small man in the dark blue, double breasted suit who pushed past them to the center of the room. He carried a number of thin

books under his arm. The little man cleared his throat noisily, "Gentlemen, I beg you, no smoking, no smoking."

There was the sound of the quick shuffling and tiny, hasty stamping of feet, cigarettes were ground out underfoot and the last puffs of smoke spiraled upward, the air in the room gradually began to clear. The little harried man placed the books down on one of the chairs.

"Gentlemen, I want to apologize for having dragged you from your homes at night like this. Believe me it was no pleasure."

He stopped as his voice broke. All of them assembled there in the damp sample room with the incongruous peony pattern on the wall paper looked at each other. Harry glanced at Sam and then at Herman, both of them shrugged their shoulders in response and he brought his eyes back to the speaker. The little man was wearing a well cut jacket, his white shirt looked as though it hadn't been changed for a few days, and he had several days growth of beard, his face was haggard and lined, his eyes bloodshot and red rimmed. He seemed to Harry to resemble some harassed little animal out of its element and not sure of its direction of flight.

Sam leaned forward and spoke the words he himself was thinking,

"If you don't mind Mister, how about telling us what this is all about, who you are and what you want. I don't have all night."

"Gentlemen, I am right now a traveller on the road. I've got to be in New Orleans on business. I wanted to make it tonight but my car broke down late this afternoon, and that is why you find me here in this hotel and in your town."

"Yes, but what do you want with us?"

"Hear me out. My car broke down, I am not from these parts. My mother is dead, I need your prayers."

Someone spoke out in surprise, "You mean you've put us to all of this trouble to pray?"

"Believe me," the little man's shoulders dropped and he twisted his hands in front of them nervously, "Believe me, it was more trouble for her to die and for me to get the telegram this past week than it will be for you to pray."

"But how did you get hold of us?"

"I couldn't help myself, how does one Jew find another? I needed you and my need found you."

The nine men in the hotel room in Central Louisiana all moved closer into a semi-circle around the speaker.

"If I have put you to trouble forgive me, I am sorry. I beg you gentlemen, I need a minyon. It doesn't matter so much that they be pious Jews, it doesn't matter that they be good Jews. Gentlemen, ten Jews can pray together to God."

Outside, past the line of the lights of the city water was spilling through the dykes of the irrigation ditches in the rice fields. The tiny shoots of the young plants soaked in the water that gently drifted past them. Spring was coming to Arcadia, the ricefields would be a new, fresher green with the early morning mist.

"My mother is dead, I owe her these prayers."

"I tell you friend I'd like to help, but I don't know the words." Who was it that said that?

"Gentlemen, I've got the sedorim, the prayer books, here with me."

The same voice went on, "I'm afraid I can't read very much of the prayer."

"It doesn't matter, please gentlemen, you can say the words with me, after me."

Harry recognized Alec's voice, it didn't sound like any of the others, it was closer to that of the sad, troubled man who had brought them together.

"If you fellows don't mind, I'm a little rusty myself, but I think I can manage and I'll be glad to help out. If we're going to do this some of you can follow along with me."

The tired, pleading traveller lifted his

hands to them, "It's not my fault they die. They die, my father, my sister and now my mother. I won't have to ask you again. For me I won't ask you to say kaddish, when I die you won't have to pray. Gentlemen, a small favor, even out here you won't live forever."

No one said anything, Lowenthal was pressing the soft, limp prayer book into his hands, Harry opened it at random. He remembered enough out of the past to know which was the top and which was the bottom of the page. Sam leaned against his shoulder, there was comfort in that pressure at his side. Harry cleared his throat, the sound drew no notice, some of the others were doing it, the stranger had his face turned from them, he turned and there were streaks of wet down his cheeks.

Alec Lowenthal's voice rose loud and clear, sad and firm. The window in the room facing out on to the square where the young lonely Confederate soldier stood leaning on his rifle at the top of his faded column had been opened. The restaurant at the far corner was the sole expanse of light. Harry let himself rise up to the unfamiliar sound and words and he felt himself become one with it.

Then it was all over. There was no more sound coming out of that third story window looking down over the head of the marble hero. An automobile started up in front of the lighted restaurant, turned at the courthouse and came past the hotel and then was gone. High overhead an invisible night wanderer flying through the still, cool Spring air called out in his lonely flight. Once, twice he called, then unanswered, his wings firm against the air, silently he pressed steadily on.

The smoke had completely gone out of the sample room and none of them lit fresh cigarettes. Harry stopped with Sam at the door. Alec was at the side of the stranger. They each shook his thin hand, and then each in turn without purpose or meaning shook his hand again and left him in the doorway. The three of them

walked silently to the elevator, entered when it came up and went down, still in silence to the lobby.

They walked together into the bar, the six others were lined up there, no one greeted them as they came in. They took their place at the end of the bar, Smitty came up to them, he had the bourbon bottle ready along with three small glasses.

"You gentlemen having doubles too?"

Harry nodded and Smitty poured the glasses half full and waited. Nobody in that long bleak line at the bar had said a word, they were alone in the bar, no one put a nickel in the music box. Harry thought that this must be the first time

that he'd been in the Bayou Room that he hadn't heard the music box going. Smitty stood across from them, the three late comers, a vacant smile on his broad red face. He apparently felt duty bound to break the silence. He wiped at the bar with his towel, "Say, Mr. Lewin, what brings all of you boys together like this, a funeral?"

Harry looked up at him, the smile was still there. He could think of no answer, he lifted his drink and tossed it off. Beside him Sam was still holding his in his hand, looking down into it, repeating something to himself.

"Olenu v'al kol yisroel"

POSTSCRIPT

By CARL H. GRABO

This hand is old.

On it the writings of the brain record
The passions, failures, and the secret shames
Whose meaning none may read. The knotted veins
And withering flesh betray the weakened grasp;
Soon, now, the fire
Consumes this aging impotence to dust.

Graved, too, the huddled horrors it has known
In lines too faint on palimpsest of palm
Which else were burned in characters of fire:
The mad frustrated artist out of hell;
The bastard Caesar, clowning to his death;
He who with Prelates plots the deaths of Priests;
And the Caucasian brigand with the guile
And cruel cunning of the peasant mind.
In these are traced the record of our time.

Strong hands and young, as this hand once was young,
Must seize and grasp the hydra by the throat
To crush or perish. — Is this reality
Or some mad dream the mind itself creates?
The soul perplexed broods on the mind's illusions,
Fearful, yet exulting in the hope
Of death's salvation from a world of hate
Where strength alone avails and the enfeebled will
Sees only this at last — a hand grown old.



“And thou shalt beat thy swords into ploughshares. . .” (Isaiah II:IV)
MOISSAYE MARANS

Maurice William—Anti-Marxist

By MILTON HINDUS

"A man's gift maketh room for him,
and bringeth him before great men."

The Book of Proverbs XVIII, 16

Maurice William is one of the most remarkable Americans of Jewish origin in our time. He is remarkable in what he has done, and he is equally remarkable in being so little known for his accomplishment. True that no one who has had *The New York Times* devote an editorial in his praise, *The New Yorker* do a profile of him, *The Christian Science Monitor* run a feature story about him, *Harper's Magazine* publish an article about him, and a firm in England issue a booklength study of his work, can claim to be completely unknown to the world. Yet it is safe to say that nine hundred and ninety-nine Americans in a thousand will not recognize his name, and the one man in a thousand who looks as if he knew of him is just as likely to confuse him with somebody else of a similar name. In my own experience, among the many people I have questioned, I have found only three—an editor of *Fortune Magazine*, a columnist on a New York newspaper, and a brilliantly eccentric professor of history—who recognized the name and correctly identified him. Strange, too, is it that the Jewish press and the Anglo-Jewish press, which understandably are always searching for this sort of material, have missed out so largely on Maurice William till now.

But something tells me that he will not be so lucky much longer in escaping the notice of his nation or his people. For the field of his interest has become in recent

years the material for daily headlines in our newspapers, and it seems to be only a matter of time before Maurice William's name becomes the household word in America which it has long ago deserved to be. For William was the author in 1921 of *The Social Interpretation of History—A Refutation of the Marxian Economic Interpretation of History*, a book strong enough in its arguments to have entirely changed the mind of Sun Yat-sen and to have turned him away from the Russian orientation which he had followed until reading William's book in 1924. It is not I who am qualified to make an authoritative historical judgment so strong or so sweeping. I am simply basing myself on the judgment expressed by James Shotwell, Professor Emeritus of International Relations at Columbia University, who said in an article devoted to William which appeared in the *Political Science Quarterly* of March 1932:

Of all the strange chapters in the history of East and West there can be none stranger than this, that the founder of the Chinese Republic and the spiritual leader of the new China found in the writing of an unknown American author so clear a statement of the solution of the hardest problems in his political philosophy that he made the American formulation his own. . . . The reading of *The Social Interpretation of History* by Dr. Sun Yat-sen may yet turn out to have been one of the most important single incidents in the history of modern Asia, for the consequences were immediate and far-reaching and have only just begun to show their full extent in the orientation of China.

I have myself gone to the English translation of the *San Min Chu I* or *The Three Principles of the People* by Sun Yat-sen, which until the recent Communist accession to power was the undisputed political

bible of the new China and is still a very important book even under Mao Tse Tung, to find the evidence of William's influence there. For one who was already acquainted with *The Social Interpretation of History*, this influence was not hard to find. It really sprang to the eyes, as the French expression goes, in such a text of Sun Yat-sen's as the following:

Society progresses through the adjustment of major economic interests rather than the clash of interests. If most of the economic interests of society can be harmonized, the majority of the people will benefit and society will progress. . . . From ancient times till now man has exerted his energies in order to maintain his existence. And mankind's struggle for continuous existence has been the reason for society's unceasing development, the law of social progress. Class war is not the cause of social progress. It is a disease developed in the course of social progress. The cause of the disease is the inability to subsist, and the result of the disease has been war. What Marx gained through his studies of social problems was a knowledge of the diseases in the course of social progress. Therefore, Marx can only be called a social pathologist; we cannot say he is a social physiologist. . . . Marx's assumption that class struggle is a cause of social progress puts effect before cause. Because of this confusion in source ideas, Marx's theory has not been borne out and has sometimes been directly contradicted by the subsequent facts in social history.

It can be seen readily through the medium of these transparently honest and profoundly simple words that the current Communist regime of China has about as much moral justification for claiming the mantle of Sun Yat-sen's prestige and heritage for itself, as the Communists in our own country have in making similar claims to the tradition of Jefferson and Lincoln. If they are not dishonest, they must at least be obtuse. What is not so immediately apparent from a reading of the passage is how much of its reasoning and phrasing Sun Yat-sen owes to the work of Maurice William. The figure of speech about Marx being a social pathologist is taken directly from *The Social Interpretation of History*, and the wording of the passage as a whole suggests to

the student with a knowledge of the subject that Sun Yat-sen studied William's work so thoroughly that by the time he came to writing out his own series of lectures, he had substantially *memorized* large sections of it.

An author in the true sense of the word, says Nietzsche in *Zarathustra*, is one who writes his books in his own blood, because he desires not only to be read, "sondern auswendig gelernt werden" (*but to be learnt by heart!*). This, it seems, was exactly the fate of William's work when, by the oddest chance imaginable (which will be fully described), it fell into the hands of the man who with reason has always been regarded by his people and by the world as the Father of the Chinese Revolution.

* * *

The history of Dr. William's life begins in Kharkov, Russia, where he was born seventy-two years ago, on April 12, 1881. The family name in Russia was Ilyin, but the change to William was no piece of snobbery, for the new name was bestowed upon the family by a zealous immigration inspector when it landed at Castle Garden in 1889. The immediate reason for the family's flight from Russia was the Russian Social Revolutionary movement, in which two of Maurice William's older brothers, Leon and Israel, were so deeply involved that they had been arrested and thrown into prison. To save them from a more cruel fate and to keep the younger children from following in their footsteps the father and mother decided to emigrate to America.

Maurice William was eight years old when he came to the United States. But if his family had hoped to keep him away from the influence of radical ideas by taking him to the new world, it was destined to be disappointed. For at sixteen, Maurice followed his brothers and joined the Socialist Party in this country. In this movement he remained a devoted and active member for over twenty years until,

beginning in 1919, he broke fundamentally with the theory of Marx and wrote his own book.

But the roots of William's dissatisfactions with Marx go back into his earlier life. When it was time for him to think of earning his own living, he decided to take up the profession of law, which he thought might make him socially most useful. He did so in imitation of the careers of many of the socialist leaders who had started out in life as lawyers. Since his family was too poor to be able to support him through professional school, he did what many another Jewish immigrant boy did. He went to work in the clothing industry and when he had saved a little money, he enrolled as a student in the evening session of the St. John's Law School. Unfortunately, at this time, he happened to attend a lecture given by Meyer London, who was destined to become famous years later as the first Socialist congressman in this country. London who was a powerful speaker and himself a lawyer by profession, excoriated what he called the prostituted practice of the law under capitalism, and he flatly indicated that the conscientious lawyer in America, far from being consoled by his social usefulness, felt himself to be a parasite. The impressionable young Maurice William felt that he would be throwing his life away as a lawyer and decided then and there to give up his studies.

He did not know what to turn to next. Business and moneymaking appealed to him even less than the law, and to make matters worse, he wanted to get married and raise a family. Fortunately, in this dilemma, a friend of his, who was a Socialist like himself and a dentist by profession, came to his help by convincing him that he could reconcile his social conscience with the hard necessity of earning a living by taking up one of the healing arts. Under capitalism or socialism, there will be the problem of bad teeth just the same, his friend argued convincingly.

So Maurice in 1904 enrolled as a student in The New York College of Dentistry and received his degree from there three years later at the age of twenty-six. Professional standards in the field of dentistry were unbelievably low in 1907, when the chief competition to the legitimate dentist came from the so-called Dental Parlors of a successful charlatan named Painless Parker. Painless Parker's trademark was the figure of a huge gold molar prominently exhibited in front of his establishments. Dr. William worked for a short while in one of these emporia, was disgusted by the exploitation of the poor and the generally unethical practices which he witnessed there, and promptly undertook a campaign of dental reform which led him to become the first president of The Allied Dental Council of Greater New York, and from that position to help in rewriting the laws of the State on the subject until the days of Painless Parker were forgotten, and health standards were under strict supervision. Curiously, some of the opposition to William's successful campaign came from fellow socialists, who argued that dentistry would never really be cleaned up until the whole social system was changed. These men apparently found no difficulty in professing their ideals and behaving like the most ruthless exploiters in practice. William learned that there were at least two kinds of socialists—those who meant it when they claimed to love the world and those who loved only empty words.

But the really decisive event which goaded Dr. William into a reevaluation of socialism was the outbreak of war in 1914. In this war, he saw not only nation pitted against nation, but socialist against socialist. Those who only yesterday were comrades-in-arms now brutally turned those arms against each other. The tragedy came to a climax in the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, in which a group of revolutionary socialists led by Lenin turned upon all the other working class

parties of Russia and then upon the whole world. The socialist movement everywhere was irrevocably torn open.

* * *

The Social Interpretation Of History accepts from Marx his greatest contribution, which was his insistence that society should be studied scientifically. But though accepting the method of Marx, William rejects the conclusions to which he came. A painstaking examination of the facts of history since the time of Marx convinced William that the Marxian emphasis upon the class struggle as the engine of social change was its profoundest mistake. Social progress, according to William, results from the recognition by the overwhelming majority in any society (regardless of their class interests) that it has much more to gain from cooperation and unity than it does from disharmony and conflict. Change to more and more efficient methods of production which will satisfy the needs of consumers and gradually eliminate the condition of scarcity which is the root-cause of all social maladjustment and upheaval, is, according to William, a continuous process. For the most part it is a peaceful process. Instead of focusing, as Marx did, upon the melodramatic periods of revolutionary violence in history as the most important ones, William turned his attention to the slow, normal, "uneventful" years in between which brought about the really lasting results of beneficial change for society. (Parenthetically, it may be remarked that while William and Marx are both very much influenced in their thinking by Darwin, Marx like Huxley emphasized the tooth-and-claw "struggle for survival" while William like Kropotkin and indeed Darwin himself stresses equally "mutual aid" as a factor in evolution). To William, "the manifestations of the class struggle are symptoms of social pathology analogous to such symptoms as pain, heat, redness and swelling in human pathology." The shortcomings of the Marxists, even

more than of Marx himself, are their impatience, their lack of faith, and above all their failure to understand the tempo of social evolution. Instead of learning from history, they are forever dinging their doctrinaire lessons into her ears. They are as loud as the deaf, or else they are like clocks that have stopped. It is always 1917 or 1789 for them. It is always not only time for a change, but time for a revolutionary change.

In 1919, rather than in 1952, William already saw that the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia could not possibly lead to socialism there. He saw that Lenin would be forced to go back on his promises to the people, and that the fratricidal strife which he had let loose could lead to nothing but evil for Russia itself and for the whole world. Instead, William looked to the system of political liberty developed in the United States as holding out the greatest hope to oppressed humanity for the gradual amelioration of existing social conditions. He writes:

Today we know the historic purpose of Social Evolution. Today we know the historic function of the State as an instrument in the hands of Social Evolution. Political democracy has placed the control of the State in the hands of the people. The people must use the state as the only means of abolishing the old form of society and ushering in the new... The Marxists fail to understand this. They still talk of the capitalist state as if nothing had happened since Marx's time. They wish to abolish the capitalist state. They expect to abolish it through the effort of the producers. They believe in political action not as a means of using the state but rather as a means of destroying the state. It must be a class movement. Such is their theory. In practice they make a complete shift and become a political consumer movement. This fatal inconsistency has paralyzed their activities, brought strife within their organization, and killed their usefulness as a constructive social agency.

* * *

In 1918, William set himself systematically the task of rethinking the assumptions on which his social activity till that time had been based. He studied once again all the classics of Marxism, and he criti-

cized them in the light of the unprecedented experience of his own generation. This was no idle game with him. By July 1919, he had written out the conclusions to which he had come. These conclusions he mimeographed in 300 copies and sent to socialist leaders throughout the world, including Lenin and Trotsky, as well as to American socialist leaders like Hillquit and Waldman.

The results were what he might have expected. These great men were too busy for William, and ignored his message. But two or three of the lesser lights to whom he had appealed, wrote him enthusiastically. Robert Rives Lamonte, who had once written a book in collaboration with H. L. Mencken as well as his own volume *Socialism: Positive and Negative*, made the observation of William's work that "It contains more real thought than anything I have read in a decade." A. M. Simons, the founder and first editor of the International Socialist Review, corroborated and even strengthened this opinion by saying to William: "You have made the most important contribution to socialist theory of the last twenty years." Professor John Graham Brooks of Harvard wrote in a similar vein in the august pages of *The American Economic Review*.

Quite understandably, William was encouraged to try to give his ideas wider circulation than they had received in his three hundred mimeographed copies. But he sought a commercial publisher in vain, and at last decided to become his own publisher and invested his meager savings in putting out an edition of 2,000 copies. He was not only his own publisher, he was his own salesman, and went from bookstore to bookstore trying to convince the owners to stock his book. He was too embarrassed to admit that he himself had written it; he contented himself with saying that he knew the author.

On April 22, 1922, eight months after the trade edition was made available to the public, the book was reviewed in the Sunday pages of *The New York Times* by

the once prominent socialist Frank Bohn. It formed part of an omnibus review along with two other books on the same subject. Bohn was generous in his reaction to William's work and applied the adjective "keenwitted" to the author, but he showed no real signs of coming to grips with the new thought and he certainly exhibited not the least prescience of its possible longevity. More than twenty-seven years later, on August 3, 1949, the same newspaper was to devote a full editorial in tribute to William and the influence for good which his book had exercised upon China.

In 1922, an edition of the book was published in London by the firm of Allen and Unwin. It was the first printing for which its author was not asked to pay, though he does not seem to have realized any financial profit from it either. In the same year, too, the philosopher John Dewey found William's statement of a non-Marxian social approach significant enough to credit him for developing it in a note which may still be found in his work *Human Nature and Conduct*. And in the list of intellectual tributes paid to him independently of Sun Yat-sen, it must be mentioned that in 1924, the publishing firm of Trowitch in Berlin put out a German edition of William's book with introductory remarks supplied by Oswald Spengler.

Still, William's name might hardly have survived except perhaps as a footnote to history, had it not been for the extraordinary path of influence which links him forever to the name of Sun Yat-sen.

How did it happen? It seems to begin with Harry F. Ward, then a professor of Christian Ethics at the Union Theological Seminary, who was one of the original recipients of William's mimeographed copy of his work. Ward introduced it into his course, and there the book had gotten into the hands of a Chinese student named Timothy Jen. Jen, before returning to China, had written William that he was taking the book back with him, because

it would be "of special value in my attempt to face Marxism where it is being worshipped as the infallible truth among certain sophisticated agitators."

The seed apparently sprouted in favorable soil, for in 1923, an order was placed with the American News Company for forty copies of William's book. The order originated in China, and it was the most substantial transaction, either domestic or foreign, to be recorded up to that time. Unknown to William, Sun Yat-sen was not only reading the book very carefully himself but getting his entire entourage to do so. It is evident that to Dr. Sun, William spoke through his book as a representative American progressive political thinker who had at last succeeded in supplying a satisfactory answer to the vexing questions posed before revolutionary China by the Russian Marxists, headed by the Commissar Borodin, whom Sun Yat-sen had accepted up to that time as his chief aides and advisors. The crucial decision by which Dr. Sun in 1924 rejected class struggle as the solution to China's problems was formulated in terms supplied by Maurice William. Sun explicitly credits William as the source of his new ideas concerning social harmony. It was that vital decision which led the Kuomintang to break with its Communist left wing in 1927. William's role in these world-shaking events is confirmed not only by James Shotwell but by Harley Farnsworth MacNair, who was Professor of Far Eastern History and Institutions at the University of Chicago and author of the volume *China In Revolution*, as well as by the Chinese scholar L. T. Chen, the editor of the works of Sun Yat-sen. If it sounds incredible to us that one little book could have done so much to alter the course of history, it is at least clear that the Russians, who were closer to the scene than we are, took the idea seriously. In William's files today is a copy of the order placed by Moscow through Amtorg for the book which set the Communist timetable back a quarter of a century. If

they had looked hard enough, it is possible that they might have found Lenin's and Trotsky's original copies still unread!

The effect of William's influence upon the thought and politics of China was completely unknown in America and unknown to the author himself until years after it had played its historic role. Reference was made to it for the first time in this country in 1927 by John Dewey, at a memorial meeting in honor of Sun Yat-sen who had died two years before. In 1927, too, an article appeared in *Asia Magazine* by John McCook Roots, in which he wrote:

On the question of Marxian Socialism or Bolshevism, Sun Yat-sen leaves no room for doubt. Sun is a social evolutionary. Marx is a social revolutionary. Marx preaches class war. Sun believes in the necessity for cooperation between the classes. He bases his anti-Marxian position almost verbatim upon a little known work from the pen of an American author—*The Social Interpretation of History* by Maurice William, published in 1921. With the aid of this volume which is a refutation of the Marxian economic interpretation of history, he refutes the father of modern Bolshevism. . . He quotes word for word from William's book.

By 1932, the figure of William seemed so formidable in the world that the foreword to his second and only other book, *Sun Yat-sen Versus Communism—New Evidence Establishing China's Right to The Support of Democratic Nations*, was supplied by Ray Lyman Wilbur, former president of Stanford University and a member of the Hoover Cabinet. Many years later, it was a member of a Democratic Cabinet, Secretary of Commerce Sawyer, who introduced William at a public meeting of over a thousand public relations representatives in New York as the man who had performed the greatest feat of publicity for the American social system in modern history by single-handedly selling the American Idea of freedom and gradual social improvement to Sun Yat-sen.

In August 1950, after the outbreak of the Korean War, William went to the Far East. He had never before visited the

theater of his greatest influence, although he had received numerous honors in the 1930's and 1940's from the government of China, and was on terms of the most intimate friendship with the Korean president, Syngman Rhee. William visited both Formosa and Korea. In Formosa, he was personally welcomed by Chiang Kai Shek and his entire government. A man of almost seventy at that time, William took the plight of the Chinese people, defeated by the Communists so much to heart, that he stayed on the island for three weeks and gave no less than sixty-two speeches to the working-class and fraternal organizations representing the eight millions of people who still acknowledge the rule of the Chinese Nationalists. He assured them of the American people's continued support in the hard times ahead. His speeches were reported each day on the front pages of the Chinese newspapers and had the dubious distinction of drawing Mao Tse Tung's attention on the mainland. With the usual courtesy of phrasing which Communists the world over have learned from their master in Moscow, William was promptly labelled "the running dog of American Imperialism."

* * *

Pearl Buck introduced Dr. William once at a meeting of The East And West Association in 1942 with the words: "Dr. William is one man who has a history that nobody else in the world has." And the Voice of America introduced him to its listeners on December 16, 1948 with the words: "Every Chinese school child knows the name of Maurice William." They were not exaggerating, and yet how ironic that William is not only unknown to the school-children of his own country; he is not better known to the university graduates or to their professors, even those of political science. Truly a great man is not without recognition save in his own country and among his own people.

In a letter once addressed to William by a sympathetic magazine editor in Cali-

fornia, Ada P. McCormick, I found the following interesting sentence: "A common anti-Semitic argument is that so many Jews are Communists and I wondered how you would feel about my commenting in my magazine that the man who had done most in keeping Communism from China was himself Jewish."

William gladly granted the permission, because he is an American Jew proud of his heritage. How ironically just it is that Marxism, which is not the product of the Jewish spirit as its enemies claim but is the doctrine developed by an alienated Jew, should find its effective antidote in the work of another Jew, self-conscious of his tradition and more faithful to the prophetic message of his people.

Now that the Communists seem to have won over China, it may be asked whether the influence of William upon Sun Yat-sen is of more than antiquarian or academic interest. I emphatically think so. China, which has recently been lost to us as a friend through a combination of violence and treachery, will be the subject of prolonged and bitter debate and struggle in the second half of the twentieth century. The last word has not been said there yet. The benevolent influence of Sun upon his people is quiescent now, not dead. It is gathering its second wind. Even if China ignores the last lesson of the father of her democracy, the rest of the world would still have to learn the doctrine of peaceful Social Evolution which he took over from William into his own *Principle of Livelihood*.

Sun Yat-sen, who had lived in the United States, was able to read William in the original English, but the reputation which he had given the book resulted in a translation into Chinese by Jensen Hsiung, who compared the contribution of William to social thought in our time with the contribution of Newton to physics. "His work," said Hsiung, "built a bridge of better understanding between America and China, and so great a work could only have come from a great personality." That

bridge has now broken down temporarily, and it will doubtless cost much trouble to restore it. But it will be restored.

In talking with William, I have the liveliest sense of the truth of Emerson's pregnant observation that history is only the lengthened shadow of a man. A lot of history already lies behind him, but I think that the influence of his work is only in its early stages. Its sponsor will be America and its field of operations will be Asia, awakening Asia. The Communists merely mouth slogans about peace and democracy, but when Asia awakens to the fact which Sun Yat-sen once awakened

to, that America has the democratic reality to share with mankind, then the day of Stalin's influence will come to an end.

* * *

I cannot conclude without mention of the fact that among the journalists in this country who have done their best to make the William story better known to the world, the name of my friend Maurice Zolotow is preeminent. Not only did he write a widely read article on William in *Harper's* almost a decade ago, but he is the author of a book about William's work published in England which is unfortunately very hard to get in this country. The *moment* for this story was not yet ripe. But I think it is approaching ever nearer and thanks should be expressed to those who have kept it alive through the years.

CHILDHOOD

By SELWYN S. SCHWARTZ

The tale of autumn is borne by the fowl
 In my right hand, as the scapegoat;
 And after Lulav and Ethrog
 The final phase is winterward
 As snow in a circular motion
 At first mystical
 Then as charity above the air,
 Quietly, as though in shame
 Yet so deep with vision and danger.

The white dismembered anger
 Flogging at the door
 Are old rites of the white wind,
 Deep rituals of ghosts and light
 Designing miracles that apprehend and glitter
 As sleeping candles that crown cold flowers
 Dissolving in my enigmatic sleep.

Americana — Jews of Seattle

By RALPH FRIEDMAN

THERE IS NO LACK of transportation between Portland, Oregon, and Seattle, Washington. You can fly from one point to another in an hour, drive up or down in five hours. Swift trains run regularly, buses roll along the highway in a never-ending flow.

A hundred years ago, in 1853, when the U. S. Congress severed Washington from Oregon Territory and gave it territorial status, there were also several ways to travel from Portland to Seattle. You could make the slow haul across the undulating lowlands on foot, as some did; on horse, as others did; and in prairie schooners, as some families went. Or you could travel overland to the southern arc of Puget Sound, where the Olympia state capital now stands, pile your belongings on crude water craft, and be borne up the sound to the foot of Elliott Bay, where great ships from Alaska and the Orient now dock.

There was still another way, the deep water route. From the mouth of the Columbia, a hundred miles downstream from Portland, it turned north, hugging the wild Washington coast to Cape Flattery. Then it turned east, down the glistening blue Strait of Juan de Fuca to the wind-whipped waters of Puget Sound. South then to Elliott Bay—and Seattle.

These were the paths, as lonely on land as on sea. For no mad rush descended upon the chilly banks of Seattle in its early years. No gold was to be found. The fertile farmland lay to the south. Even the best fishing was elsewhere. And the settlement was brutally ringed from three sides by steep hills. All Seattle had was the fringe of the forest which covered the rain slope of the Cascade Mountains. That and a dream.

As the settlers scratched and hacked clearings out of the forest, drove pilings into the low waters and nailed houses atop the pilings, pecked at the hills and filled in the washes, labored in the raw breezes and nagging drizzles, they talked of a great city. A city that would some day be the northwestern terminus of the nation and the gateway to the unopened riches of Alaska, still owned by Russia.

Among the early settlers who followed the call of "Westward Ho!" to the trail's end were Jews. Like most of the pioneers, they were mainly young men, adventurous and far-sighted. And like the other dreamers of Seattle, they lifted their eyes from mud flats on Elliott Bay to the vision of a community larger and more dynamic than any other north of San Francisco.

The Jews came to Seattle as did the others: by foot, on horse, or in prairie schooner over the rolling lowlands and through the coastal thickets; by boat up Puget Sound; by ship around Cape Flattery and through the Strait of Juan de Fuca. They came with a tidy grubstake or they came darn near broke. They came, as did the others, up from Oregon and California, from the prairie states, from the South, and from New England and New York. They came quietly, with no particular attention paid them. And they stayed, with no particular attention paid them as Jews, and helped build a city and a dream.

It is supposed that the first Jews to reach the Territory of Washington did so the year the territory was created, in 1853. And two years later, it is recorded, one of the business establishments in Seattle was owned by a Jew. By 1869 there were about 40 Jews in Washington,

15 of whom were in Seattle. The most famous of these was Bailey Gatzert.

Roberta Frye Watt, whose grandfather was one of the original Seattle settlers, notes the entry of Gatzert to Seattle. After describing the feverish goings-on in the city during the 1860's, she writes:

Out of this activity grew the need for a whole general mercantile business, and the first house of this nature was Schwabacher Bros. & Co., hardware, saddlery and ship chandlery, whose advertisement appeared in the boom year of '69. In October they announced "To the Inhabitants" "An Immense Attraction" and "Monster Opening" and a line of merchandise which not only included groceries but dry goods. Bailey Gatzert became their residence manager. . .

The structure built by Bailey Gatzert to house the branch of the Schwabacher Company, which had its headquarters in Walla Walla, was the first complete brick building in town.

This Bailey Gatzert was a fabulous character. A shrewd, indefatigable, hearty man with a penchant for making and keeping friends, he had a finger in every big Seattle pie. He invested in almost every new enterprise that would "better the city, because I believe in it." He was a director on so many boards that his biography reads like a Who's Who of Seattle Industry during the long period of his life there.

Not content with devoting his boundless energies to business activities, he entered politics and in 1873 was elected Mayor of Seattle. Hardly remembered today, he was in his time a power whom the mighty sought out. In 1888, when President Harrison came through Seattle on his western tour, he was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gatzert.

Gatzert was probably the first Jew elected to public office in Washington, but he was not the first of his faith to hold an important office in the Territory. That honor fell to General Edward S. Solomon. A native of Illinois, Solomon served in the Civil War with distinction and in 1870 was appointed by President Grant to be Governor of the Territory.

He lasted until 1872, a fair feat in those turbulent frontier days.

Two other Jews held important political positions in the Territory during the 19th century. Isaac J. Lichtenberg, a Grand Army man, was Judge of the Superior Court from 1889 to 1893 and Lewis Levy, appointed deputy-treasurer in 1889, held that post for 20 years.

It was not until 1872 that the first Jewish family migrated to Seattle. In that year David Kaufman, who had been living in British Columbia, packed his wife and kids on a steamer and brought them with him to the sprawling village on Elliott Bay.

The early Jews were colorful fellows. They were no neophytes in the ways of roughing it. They had knocked about considerably, were extremely adaptable, could take defeat and triumph in stride, and were old hands at digging roots in new communities. Consider Borman Gallard. Born in Posen, Prussia, he came to America while hardly more than a boy and worked his way to Mississippi, where he found employment as a drug clerk in Holly Springs and later in Yazoo City. Then he took up the merchandising of dry goods in New Orleans. But sand crept into his shoes and he moved on to San Francisco, where he again opened a store. After a while he felt the call of the road again and moved on to Gold Hill, Nevada, where he turned to dry goods merchandising once more. He stayed long enough, before turning his face toward Seattle, to be elected to the Nevada legislature.

Gallard was a go-getter. When he invented a portable Cabinet Bath, he did not wait for the world to beat a path to his door. In the interests of his invention he canvassed the Pacific Coast and the Eastern Seaboard. But it is likely that the public did not take too kindly to his gadget, for his Seattle biography includes no mention of cabinet baths.

Sol Friedenthal, a native of New Iberia,

Louisiana, spent 35 years up and down the Pacific Coast, including 12 years in Portland, before he pulled up stakes and pushed on to Seattle. Portland was far ahead of Seattle then and Friedenthal was doing well when he moved, but the dream that had enabled the pioneers to sustain themselves in the early days of gloom finally caught up with him.

Then there was Sig Aronson, who had been a miner and prospector in Nevada and California. And Jacob Framenthal, whose work itinerary before he reached Seattle included New York City; Kirbyville, Oregon; Victoria, British Columbia; Fort Yale, British Columbia; and Santa Cruz, California.

The great migration to Seattle really began in 1886, upon the entrance of the Northern Pacific Railroad into the city. Gone were the hardships of covered wagon treks, rattling, stagecoaches, or exhausting sea trips. Comparatively speaking, the railroad of 1886 was an instrument of lightning, luxury, and absolute safety.

Out of the middle west, the south and the east poured a new flood of emigrants, with a good sprinkling of Jews among them. In fact, by 1889 there were enough Jews formally to organize a Jewish community, for in that year the first congregation had its birth. The congregation's name was OHABATH SHALOM and the mode of worship was preponderatingly orthodox. Hats were kept on and telethim worn. Women sat in the gallery. The Jastrow prayer book was used. In September, 1892, the congregation dedicated a synagogue at Eight and Seneca. But the panic of 1893 blunted the community's hopes for a synagogue of their own. The debt on the building could not be met and after two futile years of trying to meet payments, the building was finally turned over to the mortgagees. It was later purchased by the School Board and for years afterward was known as the "Synagogue School." But when the town had recovered from the panic and the Jewish com-

munity once again stabilized itself, several temples were constructed. An interesting facet is that in the early 1900's there were enough Turkish Jews in Seattle to organize a congregation of their own.

Life in Seattle has never been uneventful. The panic of 1893 was followed four years later by the Klondike Boom. Adventurous young Jews left their friends and families and pushed their way to the bonanza in the glacial wilderness, making the mad and agonizing rush by steamer, river boat, sled, and on foot. Over snow-covered mountains and through icy passes they trudged, with nothing ahead but the gamble on a rumor. Their aims were no different from those of others. Some came to seek their fortune with pick and shovel, others built stores and opened businesses. When the boom was over the Jews returned. Some were richer and wiser, others only wiser.

Toward the close of the century the Jewish women began to organize themselves and to carry on community activities. In 1906 the Council of Jewish Women established a settlement home for non-Jews as well as Jews and "five baths were started—the first in Seattle, and a branch library installed."

By 1913 the Jewish Community had grown to the point where the problem of educating the youth in the traditional ways arose. For this purpose a Modern Hebrew School was organized "for the purpose of instructing the Jewish child in Hebrew," and soon 150 children were in attendance.

Today, of course, the Jewish community is an integral part of Seattle. But it is well worth remembering that this group is not "Johnny-come-lately," as some people think Jews are supposed to be in all the frontier cities, but that today's Jewish community had its seeds a hundred years ago, when the Territory of Washington had just been authorized by Act of Congress. The vision of Seattle as the great city of the far northwest shone brightly in Jewish eyes, too.

The DP Story

By ELMER GERTZ

THE UNITED STATES Displaced Persons Commission has issued its final report.* Attractive in format and typography, its contents arranged with logic and intelligence, both readable and informative, the report deserves, and will probably receive, a very large audience here and abroad. The conclusions and recommendations and the evidence upon which they are based will be the foundations of the hope for new displaced persons legislation, now that the old law has expired by its terms.

The report asks and attempts to answer the question, why did we need a displaced persons program? Then it tells how the displaced persons law came about, how it worked, how it got things done, how the displaced persons made out in the United States (both the successful and the unsuccessful resettlements), who the displaced persons were and where they went, who made the program work, and what's next. The report is candid, it is lucid, and it is full of facts. Seldom are its conclusions and recommendations unsupported by the sort of data that is impressive to fair-minded and objective persons. As the report points out, the United States has balanced "its xenophobic (foreigner-hating) immigration law with a policy of deep sympathy and active support for refugees and displaced persons." It was the Father of his Country, Washington himself, who urged the American people to pray God "to render this country more and more a safe and propitious asylum for the unfortunate of other countries."

* *Memo to America: The DP Story. The Final Report of the Displaced Persons Commission, Government Printing Office, Washington, 1952, 376 pp., \$1.00.*

The Displaced Persons Commission was created by Act of Congress on June 25, 1948, after years of clamor. It began formal operations just two months later; but it was not until October 30, 1948, that the first shipload of displaced persons was actually received here. From the beginning it was apparent that the law, passed reluctantly over the objections of sundry hate-mongers, had discriminatory and unworkable features. Some of these were eliminated by legislation signed by President Truman two years after the passage of the basic law. Then approximately two years later, on July 21, 1952, the last immigrants under the law landed on our shores. In brief, the Commission's task was to resettle in our country over 400,000 eligible displaced persons, expelees, refugees and war orphans from Western Germany, Austria, Italy, Venezia Giulia, and behind the Iron Curtain. This meant the setting aside, temporarily, of the rigid barriers to immigration which had been the policy of the United States for many years.

The Commission makes no secret of its belief that the temporary toning down of restrictions is no solution. In the last paragraph of the eloquent preface to its report, these words stand out:

It is the firm hope of those who have participated in the work of the Displaced Persons Commission that the broader problem will be approached now and that once again the United States will assume world leadership in resolving a major issue that stands as a continuing obstacle to the securing of freedom and peace throughout the world.

Then, after a remarkably frank and cogent study of American immigration laws from the founding of the Republic to date, the report declares:

A displaced persons program was needed to finish the 'unfinished business' of World War II, the resettlement of refugees who could not return to their own countries because of religious or political persecution. It was also necessary to cope with the growing dislocation of people resulting from Communist aggression and overpopulation in Europe. In a very real sense, a displaced persons program was necessary to help preserve the peace.

Having said this, it is clear that the Commission does not regard the task as really being complete, because the struggle for peace is not yet over. It will be no easier to get new legislation than it was to enact the initial law, which was fought by powerful groups like the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, with the editorial aid of the *Chicago Tribune*, and all who looked upon foreigners as menaces to our institutions. The opposition was cloaked at times in respectable, perhaps reasonable, terms. It was contended that the United States had already done its fair share for refugees; that the employment and housing situations here were so poor that it would be disastrous to our domestic economy to admit displaced persons; that the displaced persons were degenerates, criminals, and subversives, who were unassimilable; that displaced persons ought to go to Africa or other countries with wide spaces and real opportunities for pioneering. Some of those who argued thus may have known that the United States was once such a country of unlimited opportunities for foreigners. The first census showed a total population of less than 4,000,000. During the years which followed 39,000,000 people of all sorts and conditions came to this country, and they and their descendants and the descendants of the original colonists gave us our present giant population and enormous resources. As the report points out:

It is frequently forgotten that some of our earliest settlers were combed from the streets and jails of their home countries and transported to these shores in an effort to rid the countries of origin of some of its—to them—undesirables. There were others who came merely for the

novelty, the adventure, and the challenge of a new life and a new world. And there were the representatives of nations seeking to advance the holdings of the mother country and to exploit the newly discovered land and the natives. There were others who sought added prestige in the elevation across the seas of the standards of their monarchs. Freemen, idealists, convicts of earlier government repressions, conscripts, soldiers, slaves, merchants, adventurers, refugees, immigrants all—they made America.

It is instructive to read the history of the legislative fight for the original Displaced Persons Act and then for its amendment. At times the pressure against such legislation appeared irresistible. The same persons, in and out of Congress, who later fought for the McCarran-Walter Act fought against the admission of displaced persons. Those who are striving for a democratic immigration policy must never forget, as the report points out, that "laws must find root in the people and must express their aspirations, hopes, and desires." Democracy in action sometimes travels on straight roads, and sometimes crooked ones, in reaching its goals.

Statistics may be the dry bones of the social sciences, but here are some facts and figures which may make the displaced persons and other immigrants under the Displaced Persons Act creatures of flesh and blood, like us. Over 70% of them were born in countries behind the Iron Curtain. The largest single group—34%—were Polish born; the next largest—15%—German; the third largest group—9.3%—Latvian. They had first residence in this country in literally every state and territory; but ten states had 78.2% of them—New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio, California, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Wisconsin—in that order. More than half of them went to cities of over 100,000 population, less than 18% to rural areas. Over 40% lived in one of our ten largest cities, 24.3% in New York City alone. But, despite this urban predominance, the largest number was employed in farming, with semi-skilled employment and domestic and household work next in order. They were

largely a young group—87.6% below the age of 50 and 29.5% below the age of 20, with a large number of children under 5. This was below the national average of the American people. They were thus a productive group in their concentration in the labor force ages, and in the proportion of men as against women (54.4% to 45.6%), this ratio being higher than the national average. Three out of every four were a part of a family group, the rest being unmarried adults; but more than half of the families consisted of single adults, the median average family being 2.9. Over 96% had some schooling, despite the dislocations of war and other disasters; but the average was a bit less than our national average. Almost 30% of those over 14 were married, as contrasted with our average of less than 22%. The Catholic faith was embraced by 47% of them; 35% were of the Protestant and Orthodox faiths; 16% were Jewish; 2% belonged to other religious groups. Of course, the Displaced Persons were not a static group after they arrived here. There was a major movement of them out of the South and into our North Central region, as in the case, parenthetically, of our native Negroes. They moved from rural to urban areas, with a resulting decrease in farmers and an increase in semi-skilled workers. Most of the moves were intended, of course, to better living standards. "In general," as the report expertly states, "the movement of Displaced Persons followed the same pattern as the movement of native Americans in the United States." They showed progress, too, in becoming part of our national community. As the report says:

This was evidenced by their resourcefulness and their ability to make a living for themselves, by their high employment levels, and their attempts to learn our language and to take advantage of our educational facilities. They applied for American citizenship; a few gave their lives for our defense; some made contributions to art and literature and to other cultural enterprises. As a group, they were contributing inestimable value to our culture and economy.

The real test of the Displaced Persons program, as the report states, is the degree of success or failure of the resettlement of the persons involved, not in generalized terms, but in the many specific instances. Thus measured, the program was overwhelmingly successful. Recall the problem. The sponsors of the Displaced Persons had to take into their homes, businesses, churches, into their very lives, men, women, and children whom they had never seen, people unlike themselves, often enough, in language, religion, culture, character, personality, habits of living. Those of us who have to make adjustments when even the mother-in-law is visiting us may be shocked as well as pleased to learn that most resettlements were highly successful, eliciting from the sponsors such comments as: "They are wonderful people." "We are proud to count them among our friends." "I am glad, thrilled, to have been able to share in the responsibility of his coming." "We wish that we could help one of this type of people." Others were much less enthusiastic; some, indeed, described themselves as "sadly disillusioned." What made the difference between success and failure, the one reaction and the other? As the sponsors saw the situation, there were, first of all, certain traits of personality which counted: Displaced Persons who were industrious, considerate, patient, grateful and friendly, or with other such domestic virtues, made good; those who griped or were thoughtless, or expected too much, made difficulties for themselves and their sponsors. Perhaps as important to the success of a resettlement was obtaining suitable employment. A refined and cultured man could not do his best if he were slaughtering pigs or sweeping floors. Church attendance, participation in communal activities, financial responsibility, a knowledge of English, the sponsor's willingness to accommodate himself to the situation, these and a dozen other circumstances helped create successful transplantation of people. The failures

were due to a variety of reasons: occupational maladjustments (chiefly rural), misconception of the mutual responsibilities of sponsors and Displaced Persons, unexpected complications such as illness or death, interference by outsiders, and personality clashes of all kinds. Where there was proper orientation from the beginning—even before the Displaced Person left Europe—the likelihood of success was great. When the Displaced Person was given a thorough grounding in what to expect about people and conditions here, when he knew beforehand his obligation, what was expected of him, a large part of the battle was won.

With relatively small staffs and inadequate budgets and little in the way of experience upon which to rely, the Commission had to do its work. The Congressional restrictions, based upon an inner distaste for Displaced Persons, made it imperative that regulations be adopted which would fulfill the legal requirements and yet prevent a bogging down of the whole program, as many had feared. Thus, under the law, no one would be admitted into this country without an assurance from a sponsor. What form was this assurance to take? How definite in its terms was it to be? Then there were to be various preferences and priorities. There were questions of selection, proof, investigation, reports, visas, immigration inspection, etc. It was clear from the outset that the program could not work unless voluntary agencies supplemented, supervised, and supported the governmental agencies that were involved, not only the federal Displaced Persons Commission but various state commissions as well. They came forth wholeheartedly and in large numbers at all stages of the program. The report devotes much space to these efforts, telling in detail what each voluntary agency did. It is a guide to similar activities in the future. There were false starts, growing pains, difficulties at every stage, even the hostility of those in the government itself who were expected to cooper-

ate. The Internal Security Act of 1950, passed over President Truman's veto, had, as the report shows in detail, "serious impact on operations and hampered immigration under the Displaced Persons Act." Another sort of Commission might have surrendered in the face of the roadblocks strewn about by Senators McCarran, Nixon, and Company. Instead, an honest effort was made by the Commission to avail itself of the resources of the United States Army, its Counter Intelligence corps, the Berlin Document Center, the Provost Marshall, the Department of State, the Consular Service, the Immigration and Naturalization Service of the Department of Justice, and others, generally with good results. Those who want to know what is wrong with the administration of the immigration service of their country should ponder this passage from the report of the Commission:

Honesty requires us to record a Commission belief that the overseas staff of the Immigration and Naturalization Service failed to carry out the same spirit of cooperation and the same sympathetic understanding of the basic purposes and aim of the Act as that Service exhibited in Washington. The Attorney General, Commissioners Watson B. Miller, and Argyle Mackey, and their chief aides, were always cooperative and desirous of accomplishing the stated Congressional purposes behind the Act. However, this spirit seemed to have been diluted overseas by a general lack of sympathy with the very purpose of the program. This observation, of course, cannot be applied to all the members of that Service's overseas staff; perhaps it is fair to say that like the Commission, the Service's overseas operations were complicated by personality factors.

To what does it all add up? Here, again, one is tempted to quote from passage after passage of this report, so rich in details, so warmhearted and forward-looking in its approach. In a particularly eloquent section of the report, under the heading, *What's Next*, there are these conclusions:

The DP Program had many facets. It was a far-reaching development in our foreign policy. It was a liberalized immigration law. It was a pioneering venture in mass resettlement. It was a widespread cooperative enterprise with National, State, and local private organizations,

with State and Federal agencies, international organizations and many foreign governments. In all of these things it was an experiment—and it succeeded. It advanced our foreign policy, strengthened our NATO allies, and improved our own domestic economy.

It also proved several important conclusions:

First, it proved that immigration is good for the United States. Second, it proved that immigration is no longer purely a domestic matter but is an important and vital part of American foreign policy. Third, it proved that our normal immigration laws, based upon quotas and national origins of prospective immigrants, prevent effective American participation in an international migration program. Fourth, it proved the necessity and desirability of international cooperation in dealing with the mass resettlement of refugees and persons from overpopulated areas of Europe. Fifth, it proved the value of a concentrated effort, by a specially created agency, in fulfilling the congressional purpose of such emergency legislation.

This is the success story of a mission completed.

But if in a sense the mission is completed, in more senses than one it is incomplete, with other tasks lying ahead. There are three critical problems still facing us in the areas of the Commission's operation: the unfinished business within the Displaced Persons Act itself, the problem of refugees from Communism, and the terrible overpopulation of Europe. The permissible visas ran out before the eligible and admissible people under the Act did. This was true under every phase of the program. There were at least 50,000 persons who would have received visas except for the lack of quota numbers or time cut off. To take care of all three critical areas, President Truman sent a special message to the Congress on March 24, 1952, recommending an emergency program for the admission of 307,500 persons, over a three-year period, so as "to alleviate the problems caused by Communist tyranny in western Europe." He called for essentially the same kind of program as under the now expired Displaced Persons Act. The report spells out the reasons for the President's recom-

mendations in appalling terms, which should be read rather than paraphrased, and argues that our domestic economy can well absorb the 300,000 additional immigrants, if proper selections are made. Culturally, it says there can be untold enrichment through such a program:

Displaced persons bring to us the rich experience of people who have lived in several countries and under several forms and philosophies of government. They can give to us, in a very personal and dramatic way, the warm attachments to democracy of people who have witnessed the seamy side of totalitarianism of the right and of the left. Sometimes a newcomer has a clearer vision of fundamentals than do natives who take human rights and liberties too much for granted. Our national history shows that we have benefited from constant reinvigoration by successive waves of refugees fleeing from various parts of the world.

The Commission says that perhaps the major obstacle to the accomplishment of the high aims of the President's message is the quota requirements under the normal immigration law. Visas should be non-quota or charged to quotas which would otherwise not be used. Better yet, the whole concept of quotas based on national origins should be eliminated. It is too much to expect this to be done immediately; but with the impact made by the report and the necessities of the world situation, one can expect progress in the foreseeable future. The United States will inevitably cooperate with the free nations in an international effort to redistribute populations from areas of poverty and lack of hope to places where the opportunities are unlimited, as in the United States. We, no less than the rest of the world, will gain from this.

The high-road of Jewish history leads to wide outlooks. That which is great and lasting in Jewish history is the spiritual wealth accumulated through the ages; the description of the fierce battles fought between the powers of darkness and light, of freedom and persecution, of knowledge and ignorance. Our great men are the heroes of the school and the sages of the synagogue, not the knights of the sanguinary battlefield. No widow was left to mourn through our victory, no mother for her lost son, no orphan for the lost father.

M. GASTER

Films from Israel

By MEYER LEVIN

THERE IS no record on film of the war for Israel, except for some fragmentary footage made by the Arabs. There is no comprehensive record of the ingathering of the people on film, except for one phase, the evacuation from Europe recorded in *The Illegals*. There is no systematic motion picture record of the building of the nation.

One needs little sense of history to realize that the absence of these film records will be viewed in the future as incredible shortsightedness. The absence is doubly hard to understand when one realizes that the people and the material for the job were always at hand, and that hundreds of thousands of dollars were wasted in ill-advised film ventures by various organizations, while the historic task was neglected.

Responsibility for the lapse rests on no individual, but rather on the lack of an individual in a key post. There has long been needed a person or a committee to coordinate film-making effort so that the essential tasks would be covered, so that duplication would be avoided, so that mistakes would not be repeated—as they have been, in a very costly way—and so that films, once made, could be properly distributed. In the existing chaos, various organizations have commissioned fund-raising films or "epics" in an unintelligent spirit of rivalry, and organizational secretaries with no experience or knowledge of film production have become impresarios, only to find when they had completed their films that they had nowhere to show them.

Each film has been billed as the "first" Israel production, as though this in itself

made it entertaining or beautiful. And although it has time and again been demonstrated that sentiment for Zionism does not provide a mass movie audience, numerous schemes are afloat for the establishment of motion picture studios in Israel, partly based on the assumption that there exists a special commercial audience to support such films. Studio projects have been broached for Nathanyah, Jerusalem, Ramat-Gan; a small studio is under construction in Herzlia, and a new "cinema city and world playground" is now being promoted for Ascalon.

To avoid further waste of money, and to see that the historical opportunities are no longer ignored, it is necessary to assess film-making experience until now, and to provide for a minimum project-program.

The oldest film-making establishment in Israel is Mr. Axelrod's, near Tel Aviv. Mr. Axelrod has done pioneer service, lugging his cumbersome box to the site of every public event, since the Balfour Declaration days. The scratchy, blotched products of his home-made laboratory are familiar to all old-time Zionists. Unfortunately, Mr. Axelrod still operates like a pioneer. His style and his capacity are inadequate for the present historical tasks. He deserves all praise for having been there when no one else was there, but his coverage has been fragmentary, and endowed with little film sense. While the Keren Kayemeth and Keren Hayesod are fully justified in having kept his enterprise alive and while several of his short educational films, such as a recent documentary on forestation, are perfectly adequate in their kind, his establishment

unfortunately proved inferior to the major tasks that arose.

To keep up with history is not an expensive film task. One or two gifted documentarists with minimum equipment costing a few thousand dollars, and with a raw film outlay costing another few thousand dollars a year, could at least have got onto negative such irretrievable events as the Yemenite migration, the building of the relief road to Jerusalem, the evacuation of the Jewish community of Turkey, of Bagdad. A little intelligent planning, and the pooling of a small part of the funds spent on films by various organizations such as the Jewish National Fund, the Histadruth, Hadassah, would take care of the most urgent historical needs.

Let us take the Yemenite story as an example. For more than a year before the story became public, various film makers, including the writer, had begged for permission to film this migration, offering to keep the material secret as long as was necessary, but urging that it be got on film while possible. One large organization was on the point of budgeting around \$30,000 for a "fund-raising film." When they were begged to assign even part of this to the Yemenite story, an official replied that they did not think a picture about the Yemenites could be used to raise funds, because of their color! This organization eventually spent its money and got a virtually useless film.

Meanwhile, the Yemenite story ceased to be a secret, and as the migration was nearly complete, Ben Gurion himself was approached, to make sure that the procurement of some sort of film record would not be neglected. Ben Gurion was indeed mindful of the importance of the matter, and instructed a government press officer to do something about it. There were at that moment at least three first-class documentarists and newsreelmen in Tel Aviv eager to go out on the story. But, simply because there was no one with a proper technical knowledge, in

authority, a semi-professional photographer with an amateur 16 mm camera was sent down to Aden. The result was a small batch of tantalizingly inadequate material. It could of course not be released to newsreels, since it was on 16 mm, so the public relations value of the story was lost. Nothing much could be done with it. Almost a year later, a film editor in New York, by hunting up some of the pilots who had flown the Magic Carpet route, and who had taken some amateur movies on the way, was able to build the material out into a ten minute subject for educational use.

Mistakes of this kind are still being made, with every big Israeli story, and they will continue to be made until real thought is given to the matter. It is not too late. Starting even now, material could be assembled, perhaps over a period of a few years, for a tremendous document about the ingathering of the people and the building of Israel.

Aside from the coverage of historic events, so heart-breakingly inadequate, film-making in Israel has consisted largely of story-documentaries that have attempted to carry propaganda as entertainment. These have ranged from two-reelers to full length features. An aggregate of over a million dollars has been spent.

Most active, and most successful, has been the Jewish National Fund, with a program nurtured by Elias Epstein. Beginning cautiously with short subjects such as "A Day In A Kibbutz" compiled from some almost random color-shots by Lazar Dunner, the JNF found educational, and occasionally theatrical outlets for its films. On the low-budget level it developed a method, still in use today, which can hardly be praised although a few of the products were widely seen. By this method, some "shots," loosely grouped around an idea, are made by one of the free-lance cameramen in Palestine. These men, unfortunately, have little sense of film movement or of sequential development, and usually produce the standard

views of children romping, girls milking cows, and men mounting tractors. The material is then sent to New York where a film editor tries to put it together to mean something, some music is borrowed, and a commentary is written, and narrated by a "name actor."

It is high time that these efforts be replaced by integral films, planned and shot to a script. Various organizations should clear their subject-matter with each other, to avoid further repetition.

In the 1930's, the JNF sponsored the assemblage of a good deal of newsreel and documentary material into a full-length picture, *Land Of Promise*, which was successfully shown in several large cities. Produced at small cost, this was a good public relations venture, and awakened an appetite for more ambitious productions. At the end of World War II, the first of these was commissioned. Josef Leytes, a refugee producer from Poland, made several story-episodes which were to be linked together into an hour-long featurette. Acted by "real people," it was narrated around the home-memories of soldiers in the Palestine brigade.

Leytes at least was a man with real film sense, and though he worked on a limited budget, under primitive conditions, he managed to bring out a film that had many lyrical moments, a beautiful sense of the countryside, and that could be shown to considerable praise in some art theatres in England. The film was a long time getting an American release, and was never widely seen, due to its fragmentary nature, narrative method, and odd length.

Even while the Leytes film was in progress, the JNF embarked on its most ambitious venture—a real full-length dialogue feature, to be produced with an adequate budget, with the aim of getting into the entertainment circuits. *My Father's House*, made under extremely difficult conditions during the terrorist period, cost about twice as much as its promoter,

Herbert Kline, had estimated, but nevertheless no more than the average Hollywood small-budget picture, that is, around \$250,000. As co-producer and scenarist, the writer devoted about two years to this project. *My Father's House*, the story of a child survivor from Europe, and his healing in Israel, won excellent reviews, ran for fourteen weeks on Broadway, and was commercially released by the outstanding distributors of foreign art films, Mayer and Burstyn. But the film did not prove a strong box-office draw. If released a few years later, when theatre chains had come to accept foreign-made pictures as second features, it would probably have earned back its cost. But the picture was taken out of commercial channels and handled directly by the JNF, being used as a major attraction for meetings and fund-raising events in many countries. It was also very widely seen in 16 mm educational showings. Although much of the production cost was never directly recovered, the effect of the picture on more than a million viewers should justify it as a worth-while venture. *My Father's House* must certainly be regarded as the first Palestine, or Israel feature, and though the direction was often limp, the production as a whole has not yet been surpassed.

The crew trained by Hollywood's Floyd Crosby was soon busy at the children's colony, Ben Shemen, whose director was eager to produce a film. The result, *Tomorrow Is A Wonderful Day*, was again a story about a survivor-child's healing, and though a warm-hearted effort, was technically a retrogression to the commentary-style film, with a scenario pretty much made up as the shooting went along. Fortunately, Hadassah rescued the footage and through energetic distribution in 16 mm procured a wide educational use for the picture.

The same was not the case with *The Illegals*, a story-documentary record of the underground evacuation from Europe, made by the writer for *Americans for*

Haganah. The feature-length film was produced on a minimum budget, one-tenth that of the small-budget feature, through volunteer service. It proved meritorious enough to win distribution by Mayer and Burstyn, and was ranked by such discerning groups as the Federation of Cinema Clubs of France as equal to the outstanding post-war Italian films. With an excellent chance of winning international film festival honors, it was never submitted, but this was only one of the negligences which the writer found in the sponsoring organization. Without any distribution facilities of its own, this organization, through its executive secretary, refused to make use of wide educational facilities offered by one of the largest Zionist distribution centers. This was an example of the kind of misguided sense of "competition" between organizations, that has handicapped the showing of many Palestine films.

Intended as a permanent historical contribution rather than as a box-office film, *The Illegals* was virtually lost, after its term with Mayer and Burstyn, because of the organizational handling. It took more than a year, and incessant prodding, before a print of this picture could be obtained for showing in Israel!

Meanwhile, film production in the Yishuv fell largely into the hands of a new and ambitious combine, the Palestine Film Company, organized by Norman Lourie and an American partner, Joseph Krumgold, who had had varied experience in motion picture production. Their first effort, a two-reel documentary called *The House In The Desert*, was an effective picture of the won't-take-no-for-an-answer spirit that brought into being many Zionist colonies. It was very widely shown, and helped the energetic Mr. Lourie to obtain contracts from many organizations. Unfortunately, the quality of the first picture proved to have been largely fortuitous, since Mr. Lourie failed to exhibit film sense in future productions. The operation of the company, between

Israel and America, was clumsy, so that high costs resulted to the sponsors. The Histadruth was led to expand a two-reel project into a feature called *Dream No More*, that could scarcely be called an advance for Palestine film-making; several short films were dismal failures, and the culminating fiasco was a feature picture called *Out Of Evil*, undertaken by Mr. Krumgold for the Karen Hayesod. After endless production errors that brought the cost up to that of a Hollywood film, the pretentious Krumgold product, with a clumsy and involved story, proved so boring that it could not even be released for free showings; it stands today as a total loss.

These unhappy experiences are related to show the need for some correlative authority, so that one sponsoring organization may at least be protected from repeating the mistakes of another. While Messrs. Lourie and Krumgold quelled the film-sponsoring appetite of more than one organizational executive, a few competent men have succeeded in bringing bits of the Israel story to the screen. Victor Vicas produced a good two-reeler for Hadassah, called *Twenty-Five Hours A Day*, under a Palestine Film Company contract; Ben Oyserman did a nice little film about a festival dance, and Baruch Dienar, a young Israeli, has made a great deal of progress with three independently produced short films that have been widely shown. His *Tent City* is the best such film to be produced. His operations have been modest, and it is to be hoped that he will have opportunity to develop his talent.

Josef Leytes, too, has broken away from organizational sponsorship with his latest feature, *Faithful City*, which however, once more tells the story of the adjustment of survivor-children. Though it is a spotty production, laden with cliches, it has several sequences which again prove Leytes to be a man of true film-sense, and one who has the potential for the creation of important films.

With the emergency from organizational

sponsorship, the Israeli film depends on attracting independent producers, who hope to compete on the world market. Can this be done?

Only through the most careful choice of subject-matter, and talent. The film industries of all nations, large and small, are built on the premise that the home market can somehow absorb the production cost, leaving the world market for profit. Even Hollywood uses this formula. Italy, France, England depend on it. Israel cannot depend on any such formula, for its population is too small to pay back the cost of a feature film. Its pictures must therefore compete from scratch in the world market. They must have some quality which gives them a place in this competition.

Obviously, the biblical site is one exploitable advantage. But this alone is not enough. It may well turn out that the real thing cannot rival a Hollywood reproduction. To the writer's mind, the advantage of the biblical sites can best be utilized in a long series of educational short subjects, usable for both Christians and Jews, which would in the meantime furnish a stable basis for a small industry that could occasionally venture into feature production. Features should be attempted only when the story material

is of universal appeal and when the production has some unusual idea-value or art-value that will carry it above the commonplace.

This requirement is doubly important when one realizes that from the financial point of view, Israel is not attractive to the film producer. Labor costs are high, technical facilities are absent. He can make the same picture at half or one-third the cost, with experienced help, in Italy or Vienna.

There remains however a place and a need for a small film industry in Israel, carefully planned, one which will carry out the historical assignments that must be shared by the government and the Jewish Agency and by other organizations, one that can produce educational and fund-raising films at a modest cost, and of fresh quality, one that can serve as a base for occasional independent feature film production..

There remains a need for a coordinated film distribution service to which all sponsoring organizations will loan prints of their films. There remains a need for an advising authority, to prevent duplication of effort, to prevent over-ambitious exploitation, to secure coverage of essential material, and facilitate the best use of that material.



The Wedding

CHARLES HECHTER

BOOKS

Books reviewed in this issue may be purchased at the regular price through the Book Service Department of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, 82 West Washington St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

Yisroel, The First Jewish Omnibus, edited with an introduction by Joseph Leftwich. New York: The Beechhurst Press. 723 pp. \$6.00.

A recent advertisement for this volume declared about the selections in it: "All share the keenness of perception, the richness of theme and characterization which are hallmarks of the best works of the Jewish school of writing." Whatever in the world is a "Jewish school of writing?" One should never take advertisements seriously, of course, but apparently this blurb fairly represents the publishers' estimate of the work.

The contents of this anthology, all short stories and sketches, are arranged more or less according to the national origin of the writers: English, American, German, French, Russian, Dutch, and Czech. (I say "more or less," for Franz Kafka is listed as German rather than Czech.) There are also Yiddish and Hebrew sections, and these just about make pointless the whole enterprise. For they prove that literature cannot be classified according to the blood that streams through the veins of the writers.

The American section, for example, I found fascinatingly irrelevant to the book's dust jacket description of itself: "A treasury of the best Jewish writing of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries." Try as you might, with the most active good will, you could not find anything "Jewish" about the slick magazine fiction of Edna Ferber and Thyra Samter Winslow. (In fact, I was startled to learn that Thyra Samter Winslow was Jewish.) Both writers happen to deal with the problems of adjusting to old age in the by now standardized manner of mass circulation magazines, but I am sure that no one

would claim that only old Jewish grandfathers and grandmothers have difficulty establishing a meaningful relation to their grown offspring. And is a story about persons with Jewish names inevitably a "Jewish" story?

Much the same observation may be made of other sections. What is "Jewish" about Kafka's brooding "The Hunter Gracchus?" Or about Max Brod's "Death is a Passing Weakness?" the tale of a madman who convinces a remarkably gullible group of visiting medical students that he can bring dead men back to life. Or even about L. Shapiro's fine, dry, sardonic account of the rise and death of an immigrant clothing manufacturer, "Journeying through the Milky Way," which, with a change here and there, having to do with the man's native land and the language he spoke, might apply to a new-rich American or English manufacturer? Or Arthur Schnitzler's operatic and trivial "Death of a Bachelor?" Or even about Israel Zangwill's sympathetic study of a mother's heart in "The Sabbath Breaker," whose universal theme is simply that of ultimate sacrifice, in this case that of a compelling idea, for a loved one?

The only stories, as the editor happens to remark himself, apparently little caring about the significance of his comment, which have any degree of integrity, any kind of homogeneity, are those in the Yiddish section dealing with Jewish life in Eastern Europe. There, the Jews lived a pretty similar existence, and these stories—by Sholem Aleichem, Mendele Mocher Sforim, Abraham Reisen—deal with the details, the texture, of that life. But, of course, what binds these selections together is a cultural cohesiveness, not the "Jewishness" of their writers.

The volume is a sad testimonial to a need, apparently felt in many Jewish quarters, for claiming a literature. After all, the French, the Russians, the Americans all have a literature. I suppose this search for a "Jewish school of writing" is part of that greater hunt for status that minority groups frequently find themselves engaged in. Even so, it's difficult to imagine Poles claiming Joseph Conrad as a "Polish" writer, or Negroes putting out an anthology of work by Negro writers, purely because they were Negroes, regardless of the subject matter covered.

The whole volume, as a matter of fact, has an air of improvisation about it, as though it were a sudden idea carried off in the flush of newness, without mature consideration. The little introductory sketches of the writers seem as though they were dashed off. Ludwig Lewisohn is awesomely identified as "The most formidable Jewish figure in present-day American literature." The piece on Wassermann begins as follows:

Jacob Wassermann, born 1873 at Fuerth, in Bavaria, died 1934. Regarded as the biggest of the modern German writers ("Wassermann seems to me to be the biggest of the modern German novelists," Arnold Bennett wrote).

The selections themselves in most sections seem to have been chosen for their brevity and availability rather than for any intrinsic "Jewishness," whatever that may be. And there are formidable exclusions.

As the editor tells us, the idea for this volume was not his own. He goes on, in a lengthy introduction as remarkable for its unwillingness to answer issues that it provocatively raises as for its sprinkling of charming but tantalizingly inappropriate quotations, to justify the book at the same time that he implicitly apologizes for it.

Apparently, however, in spite of everything one can say against this kind of enterprise, and this book in particular, a good number of persons will find it valuable for various reasons. It may possibly give some a sense of pride in seeing that so many Jews in so many lands were able to break into print. It also contains translations, mostly from the Yiddish by Joseph Leftwich, the editor, of material hitherto not easily available and well worth reading. If we had to have such a volume at all, this is as good a job as one could expect.

I think I would have found less to object to about this book if it had not

presented itself so elaborately and, I think, misleadingly. For it is a good anthology of remarkably varied ingredients. The purpose of the book could have remained the same—simply the offering of short works by Jewish writers the world over—without the set of directions for reading offered by the publishers and the editor. The conclusions from the evidence would have remained for the reader to draw himself. He might have chosen to decide that there is no such thing as "Jewish" literature, at any rate, not as indicated in this book. This collection happens to be, I think, strong testimony for such a verdict, and it is well worth reading as an exhibit which possibly hurts more than it helps the case for the affirmative. But one should read for pleasure rather than for polemical purposes, and for pleasure alone this volume is well worth perusing.

MORRIS FREEDMAN

Eliakum Zunser, by Sol Liptzin. Behrman House, Inc. 248 pp. \$3.00.

Dr. Sol Liptzin, who a few years ago published an exemplary bi-lingual edition of the works of I. L. Peretz, under the auspices of the Yiddish Scientific Institute (YIVO), has again performed yeoman service for Jewish life and letters by duly honoring Eliakum Zunser in a biographical study. Zunser was the "Folk's Singer" of the Russian Pale; transcribing the life and spirit of the Jewish masses of Eastern Europe during the three quarters of a century of his life into text and music. Dr. Liptzin has treated Zunser's biography, from the day of his birth in Vilna, in 1836, until his death in New York City in 1913, as a microcosm of that historical era in which the Jew developed from his medieval, ghetto frame of reference into the modern Western man of today.

The major latter-day trends of modern Jewry are mirrored in Eliakum Zunser. As a resident of Vilna and New York for seventy five years, this sensitive lyricist was placed, geographically and culturally, at the very center of the life of his people. He was born at a time and in a place where the Jewish psyche was still largely conformed by the precepts of divine law and orthodox conduct as interpreted by "the last great theologian of Classical Rabbinism," the Vilna Gaon. As a matter of ancestry, Eliakum Zunser's great-grandfather, Eliahum, was one of the Gaon's most fervid and devoted disciples.

In terms of political history, Zunser's youth was spent under the tyrannical reign of Czar Nicholas I, when ukase after ukase made the lot of the Jew unbearable. Among these decrees, the worst was the impressment of Jewish youths into military service for a period of twenty five years, at a draft rate of two and three times that of the local population. Eliakum Zunser knew the terror of these vicious decrees at first hand. His only brother was stolen in this fashion from his home, and endured diabolic torture through two decades in an attempt to convert him. Eliakum, too, was caught in the net of the kidnappers. He was already penned in the communal barracks, and readied for the march to Siberia, when the sudden, miraculous ascension of Alexander II to the throne, and the revocation of these stringent military regulations, caused his release from service.

At this time, Zunser had already come under the influence of the Enlightenment, that movement in Jewry originated a century earlier by Moses Mendelssohn in Germany. This philosophy was based on the Rationalism of 18th century Europe, and was an attempt by the more "enlightened" Jews, or *Maskilim*, to brush away some of the superstition and absurd commentary that had grown up around the original text of the Torah. These radical youths were open to the curses and ostracism of the community, and schisms deepened between parents and children. The new thought was published primarily in Hebrew journals that had sprung up in Germany, and these were smuggled into the Russian Pale as contraband to *kehilla* and Czar alike. Zunser, sensitive to the needs and sentiments of his people, was among the more moderate group that attempted to maintain a balance between faith and reason, Torah and modern science.

Zunser did not direct his activities primarily towards the intellectuals, and learned of the community. From his teens on, Zunser had been occupied as a *Badchen*, a distinctive Jewish occupation much like a major-domo or master of ceremonies that appeared at weddings and public festivities, a position which allowed Zunser to enter into the most intimate corner of a Jew's heart, his family. Originally the status of *Badchen* had been low in the social structure, much like a court jester or a court-yard minstrel,

but Zunser's personal genius in this respect soon raised the occupation to a high level of accomplishment. From early in his life, Zunser had composed hundreds of songs for which he wrote his own texts, that expressed the hopes, sorrows, and joys of the Jew in his day, songs that touched the folk at its core. In these moving lieder, he had caught and expressed the thoughts and sentiments of Jewry in the Russian Pale. Zunser asserted the utility and dignity of the Yiddish language, while preserving the moral tone and beauty in the Hebrew. His Yiddish lyrics present an accurate picture of social customs and traditions of pre-war Jewry; his *Shirim* in Hebrew dreamt of the establishment of Israel and the glory of Zion.

The Jewish life that preceded the Jewish communal forms of mid-twentieth century no longer exists. Nowhere were the foundations of many of our contemporary cultural and political patterns more fully presented than in the folksongs of the "People's Bard," Eliakum Zunser. His were among the earliest songs celebrated by the Pioneers of the first *aliyah* in Palestine, who had settled there while still under Turkish rule; his are the melodies and airs still heard at the marriage festivities of second and third generation American Jews. Dr. Liptzin has interpolated a score or more of these compositions in his text, as well as translations of many refrains for the poetically interested.

Dr. Liptzin has wrought a cunning work in which the essence of the lyricist, Eliakum Zunser, has been woven into the very fabric and background of his times. It is a period currently in need of extensive description in English, since its original sources were sparse and available primarily in Yiddish, and to a lesser extent, Hebrew. For the Jewish student in the United States, unacquainted with these languages and unable to read the major works of such authors as Sholem Aleichem, Mendele Mocher Seforim, and J. L. Peretz, Dr. Liptzin's study is a distinct service. In a decade where standard biographies are a minimum of 1,000 pages, the author has amassed a rich and surprising amount of historical material in the relatively few pages of *Eliakum Zunser*. The book's distinction, however, remains Dr. Liptzin's remarkable exposition and integration of the Jewish min-

strel, Zunser, and his people in the nineteenth century. It is recommended to those interested in understanding the culture and basic ideals of the Jewish folk and state in our own generation.

ALLEN D. SCHWARTZ

Creating an Industrial Civilization, edited by Eugene Staley. Harper & Bros., 368pp. \$4.00.

Creating an Industrial Civilization is the record of a conference held in May 1951 by the Corning Glass Works and the American Council of Learned Societies at Corning, New York, to celebrate the firm's 100th anniversary. The participants, a healthy mixture of social science and humanities professors, industrialists, labor leaders, educators, artists, and executives of the sponsoring organizations, based their discussions on four background papers which together with the edited stenotype record of the round tables make up this volume.

The four round tables dealt with the problem of human values in industrial civilization in the spheres of work, leisure, the individual's sense of community, and confidence in life and living.

The "Work" round table, starting from an excellent paper by William F. Whyte, agreed that the blue collar worker could derive greater satisfaction from his work, and that this might be achieved by increasing his participation in planning and decision making at the process of production level. The group felt that both satisfaction and participation were heavily influenced by the type of organization and hierarchy set up in the factory (and the office), and discussed several alternatives.

The leisure seminar recognized that leisure in large quantities is now available to many people for the first time. The group was torn as to whether or not this was a social problem, and whether people should use this time for passive, and possibly low-brow, entertainment or whether they should be stimulated into self-improvement. Curiously enough, the meetings ended with a businessman arguing strenuously for the latter, with the intellectuals pointing to the partial merit of the former. The background paper, by the well known research team of David Riesman and Reuel Denney is an excellent survey of leisure and leisure research in the United States.

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The Round Table on the Sense of Community was divided among those who held the Industrial Revolution responsible for the loss of personal quality in our community living, and wanted to retrieve it—the small town atmosphere, and those who felt that this Revolution had given man new ways of achieving personal satisfaction.

The group discussing Confidence in Life began with a consideration of religious values, and the oft-voiced fear that life was losing its meaning, but found itself talking about sense of community and especially participation, perhaps the most often mentioned problem.

The conclusions of the conference cannot be summarized in a few paragraphs, but on the basis of the often heated discussion, it seemed to this reviewer that our values are still largely based on pre-industrial models. Our version of the good life is borrowed from past centuries. Many discussants seemed troubled by the fact that these values are endangered by modern industrial society. On the other hand, the optimists, who were in the majority, pointed to the advantages in autonomy of choice made possible by the increased standard of living and the disintegration of restrictive tradition. The round tables often implied that so far only a few, many of them intellectuals, have really been able to take advantage of the autonomy of thought, action, and experience industrial society has to offer. The problem would seem to be how to impart these blessings to the average person.

The editor and the session reporters have done a fine job not only of presenting the myriad ideas, but in picturing the "atmosphere" of each round table—the labels and taunts by which professors and industrialists expressed their self consciousness in each others' presence, the ideological factions and controversies at the outset, the beginning of interstimulation and understanding each other's point of view, and the final agreements, including those to disagree. Only rarely does the book suffer from the fallacy that everything a wise man says must be wise.

If it were nothing else, this book would be entertaining for its descriptions of how a heterogeneous bunch of people becomes a group. But here is wonderful source material for the person who has been or would like to be thinking about the future of our society—a future not discussed by

political or military commentators. To the person already well read in this field, the book may not offer many new ideas, but compares and summarizes diverse approaches.

The participants end with the suggestion that "we are all sociologists in our common self-consciousness over the creation of an industrial society in America. This civilization can best be comprehended through the amateur sociology of which this book may be called a manifesto." An amateur sociology movement with similar functions, called "Mass Observation" has been flourishing in England. Perhaps this book will stimulate a similar interest here.

HERBERT J. GANS

American Literary Criticism. 1900-1950.
Edited by Charles I. Glicksberg. Hendricks House—Farrar, Straus and Young. 566pp. \$5.00.

The World of George Jean Nathan.
Edited by Charles Angoff. Knopf. 486pp. \$5.00.

These two huge volumes, by penetrating and sympathetic literary critics, both of whom have enhanced general and Jewish literary criticism and both of whom are familiar to readers of this periodical, contain much valuable material and many insights into the cultural milieu of America.

Charles I. Glicksberg, whose provocative essays have enriched the pages of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, has here attempted to give "a cross-section of the critical ideas and methods employed by various eminent and representative critics during the past fifty years." He believes that the 27 essays by outstanding American critics include those who are "representative, significant, and influential" and that the "major tendencies of the 20th century" are reflected here. Apart from the 27 critiques, Prof. Glicksberg offers a 56-page introduction of his own, thorough biographies of his contributors and ample bibliographies of their critical works.

Included here are many of the top critics of our time: James Huneker, J. E. Spingarn, T. S. Eliot, Van Wyck Brooks, Stuart Sherman, H. L. Mencken, Ludwig Lewisohn, Lewis Mumford, Paul Elmer More, Irving Babbitt, Joseph Wood Krutch, John Dewey, R. P. Blackmur, John Crowe Ransom, Waldo Frank, Allen

Tate, Edmund Wilson, Cleanth Brooks, Yvor Winters, Lionel Trilling and others.

Prof. Glicksberg insists that "no first-rate or truly significant critic has been omitted," which is a broad statement and does not quite stand up. Malcolm Cowley is not here, although Granville Hicks is; V. F. Calverton is represented, but Alfred Kazin, Bernard De Voto, Maxwell Geismar, Philip Rahv and Morton D. Zabel are missing. Most amazing, Vernon Parington is not here, either. Stanley Edgar Hyman, who is quoted so frequently by Prof. Glicksberg in his own valuable introduction (as are many of the other critics unrepresented by essays) is also absent in the text of the anthology. There are some errors: Van Wyck Brooks' *The Times of Melville and Whitman* is listed as having been published both in 1947 and 1948; in the biographical piece on Ludwig Lewisohn, Prof. Glicksberg states that Prof. Lewisohn has "of late" been actively identified with the Zionist movement. In the same sketch it appears that Prof. Lewisohn, in *Mid-Channel* in 1929 became immersed in Jewish and Zionist affairs; that was quite a while back. But the main trouble with this volume is that it lacks analyses of individual writers. Most of the essays are concerned with major themes, trends, or ideas in contemporary American writing (which was Prof. Glicksberg's idea, of course) but one misses a piece on, say, Hemingway, or Faulkner, or Fitzgerald, or Cather; on writers, that is to say, as creative individuals. That, perhaps is another anthology, which Prof. Glicksberg is well qualified to put together. *American Literary Criticism*, as it stands, is a highly valuable collection of papers and is well worth the time of any student of American creativity.

"Too many people," Charles Angoff writes of George Jean Nathan, "consider him merely a dramatic critic." Mr. Angoff, who worked with both Nathan and H. L. Mencken in the glory days of the *American Mercury*, knows that Nathan has expressed himself "on virtually every major aspect of contemporary life—and he has had something shrewd or amusing to say about them." The material in this husky tome is culled from some 35 previous books of Nathan's and what emerges is some of the most racy, witty, amusing, penetrating and wise passages produced by any American writer. Nathan, of course, had an enormous influence on the

American stage and is practically solely responsible for bringing the glowing dramatic talent of Eugene O'Neill to the American theatre. He is a man of violent likes and dislikes and when he persistently espoused the cause of O'Neill or of Sean O'Casey, or humbled Noel Coward or Clifford Odets, he is always worth reading. It is no wonder that G. B. Shaw considered him the No. One drama critic. Nathan has earned the accolade.

Mr. Angoff includes here far more than Nathan's theatre pieces: there are, too, Nathan's memoirs of writers like Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser and, of course, O'Neill and Mencken. He discourses on love, sex, and women, on censorship, on the movies, on criticism, on monthly magazines, on doctors, on drinking and anything else you can think of. His writing is full of epigrams and paradoxes, acerbity and pungency. It is believed that the team of Mencken and Nathan belong in the order given. It is not at all unlikely that with the passage of time—and the aid of this collection of Nathan's work—that Mencken will become second fiddle and Nathan first violinist. He really can play that typewriter.

The only sour note—and it is emitted by Nathan, not by Mr. Angoff—is that in his long, brilliant, and influential writing career, Nathan has never given any indication that he is Jewish and that Jewish tragedies of the past terrible decades touched him at all. Nowhere in this book will anyone discover anything Nathan has written about the Jewish people. Mr. Angoff didn't find anything, because it simply isn't to be found.

HAROLD U. RIBALOW

Rendezvous with Destiny. A History of Modern American Reform, by Eric F. Goldman. Alfred A. Knopf. 503 + xxxvii pp. \$5.00.

Professor Goldman is a young historian of marked ability and a clear and forceful writer. Although *Rendezvous with Destiny* is obviously the result of years of assiduous reading and research, it reads with the ease of an *Only Yesterday*. Replete with significant facts, apt quotations, and incisive insights, the book provides a kaleidoscopic history of American reform activity from 1870 to the present. Professor Goldman does not delve too deeply, nor does he provide a sharply defined

synthesis of the liberal movement in this country, but his over-all view is clear, intelligent, and interesting.

Certain readers will be surprised to find the book opening with a discussion of the "Best People" in the role of civic reformers and with the wealthy and distinguished Samuel Tilden as their lauded protagonist. In these pages Professor Goldman depicts the established middle class, accustomed to a major role in government and indignant at the graft and corruption of the new crop of dominant politicians, rising up resentfully against these venal vandals. Yet their efforts proved futile: neither Tilden nor the Liberal Republicans had any salutary effect on the political barbecue of the 1870's.

In his quick-moving review of the dissident activities of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, Professor Goldman seeks to define the origin and character of the Populist movement, the significance of Henry George, the early efforts of the labor and socialist leaders, and the influence, first, of Social Darwinism and, later, of Reform Darwinism on the American social climate. He also touches upon the emergence of the feminist campaign, the rise of Negro self-consciousness, and the increasingly troublesome immigrant problem. An interesting sidelight is the fact that not a few liberals and socialists looked with suspicion and even with animosity toward the Jewish newcomers—asserting that their medieval mores and presumed money madness made them inferior Americans. To offset this inimical attitude, the author cites the opinions and attitudes of liberals who were conspicuous philosemites and offers as evidence the highly favorable reception of Zangwill's *The Melting Pot*.

The major part of the book deals with liberalism after 1900. It discusses the activities of the muckraking journalists, the eruption of civic reformers in city after city, the dissident voices in the wilderness of such men as Professor J. Allen Smith, whose book, *The Spirit of American Government*, shook the confidence of many a smug American, and the exciting effect of Herbert Croly's volume, *The Promise of American Life*, on the rising liberal movement and especially on Theodore Roosevelt in his progressive phase.

Considerable space is given to the leading liberal phenomena prior to World War

I—the Square Deal of Theodore Roosevelt's Administration, the 1912 Progressive Party, and President Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom. Here, as throughout the book, the prominent personalities are etched deftly and discriminatingly. Professor Goldman stresses the essential differences between Roosevelt's and Wilson's attitudes toward trusts and big business and implies that neither understood fully the impetus and inevitability of modern industrialism.

The war that began in 1914 put an end to the movement for progressive reform and brought on the postwar reaction that was climaxed by the Palmer raids and widespread reactionary legislation. The shoddy prosperity and cynical normalcy of the 1920's, with their spiritual callousness and spurious optimism, stifled the impulse to social reform—only to burst forth explosively on the crest of the depression that followed the panic of October 1929. All this Professor Goldman narrates with the skill and sympathy of the liberal social scientist. He also writes glowingly, yet discerningly, of the New Deal and its major achievements. President Franklin D. Roosevelt is depicted lifesize—a heroic figure compared with those who had preceded him as well as with those who came after him. The men around him are also sketched with sure, sharp strokes.

Before the New Deal was able to finish its herculean task of reform it was forced to yield the driver's seat to "Dr. Win-the-War"—and was never able to get it back. In the discussion of the 1940's the author makes the point that in all his concentration on the war effort President Roosevelt never forsook his liberal aims and hoped to spread the ideals of the New Deal to every part of the world. His death, however, took the heart out of the New Deal liberals. Impeded by the antiliberal reaction common to all postwar periods and handicapped by feeble leadership, the Fair Deal that followed merely made mock of the social idealism that inspired the American government of the 1930's. Professor Goldman significantly titles this chapter "Down, Down, Down."

Rendezvous with Destiny is a scholarly and sympathetic account of the reform movements of the past eighty years, an excellent book for those wishing to familiarize themselves with—or perhaps to re-live—the ideals and activities of American

liberalism. It may disappoint those who prefer a more concentrated or more integrated examination of the major movements and leaders, but granting the author's premise one cannot but praise his achievement. For the serious student the detailed bibliographical references will prove enormously helpful.

CHARLES A. MADISON

In the Morning Light, by Charles Angoff. Beechhurst Press. 726 pp. \$4.50.

With this second volume of his trilogy, the epic shape of Mr. Angoff's work becomes apparent to the reader. I know of nothing in the field of American Jewish fiction which compares, for honesty, warmth, scope, and downright homely quality to the saga of the Polonskys, even as far as Angoff has brought it in these two volumes. *The Singermanns* and other of Myron Brinig's works come closest, but Brinig did not have the courage to retain his work on a level of folk simplicity, and his family chronicle eventually sounded more special than typical. Peter Martin's, in *The Landsmen*, this year began what may become a similar trilogy, but *The Landsmen* has a forced, precious quality which has won it a good deal of literary attention from people who are not too familiar with the source material, who tend to be taken in by stylistic virtuosity, and to confuse morbidity with art. Alfred Kazin's *A Walker In The City*, also said to be the beginning of a trilogy, comes closest in its quality of tenderness and its wish for simplicity, to Angoff's work, but it lacks the narrative power of this unfolding epic, and is rather a series of intellectually embroidered incidents.

The second volume of the Polonsky saga, also, is a great improvement over *Journey To The Dawn*, for the characterizations are stronger, and the background is much more vivid. This is quite natural, since we are presumably dealing here with an autobiographical family story, and the material in the second volume comes within the memory-ken of the author. The reconstruction of life in a Russian town, which formed the background of the greater part of *Journey To The Dawn*, while careful and true, and far more convincing than Peter Martin's portrait in *The Landsmen*, nevertheless lacked the immediacy of the Boston material in this second volume.

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family, early in this century; the intense loyalties of the folks supporting each other in every crisis, even though they drift apart between-times, the fumbling for adjustment in the immigrant generation and the slow rise from pants-presser to small or large shop-owner, the penetration of the children into American life.

But this book captures the period, and presents the transition-background with a simplicity and dignity rarely achieved in fiction of this genre. Utterly gone is the *gevein* and *geschrie* atmosphere of the sentimental writers of the Yezierska and Fanny Hurst period. And banished is the "cute folks" atmosphere of all those writers who were witty with Yiddishisms and tolerant of the quaint and touching ways of the immigrant generation. And entirely missing, of course, is the self-hating impetus that drove writers like Weidmann and Shulberg to examine Jewish themes.

Angoff looks at his material calmly, earnestly, lets it take its own flavor. The rich atmosphere of the times, in terms of socialist and feminist thought, is, for example, rendered through constant references in conversations and arguments, to the "Daily Jewish Forward," which was the "New York Post" of that generation. The way the paper molded the generation is pictured in such touches as the scaling upward of its recipes, followed by the women in the family. Better foods, served in more complicated ways.

And here too are the organizations and movements that were important to the Jewish mass in America; here we can read quite naturally of the Poale Zion or the Arbeitering without parenthetical explanations or archeological footnotes, to make the reader feel that all this life was very quaint.

The pattern of the novel is loose, and horizontal. It swings from one person to another, and comes back always to the boy David, who is graduating from grammar school, and having his bar mitzvah, at the opening, and graduating from high school at the close. Meanwhile we follow the lives of his father, mother, uncles, aunts, as he must have followed them in the family fold, during these years.

"Nu, other countries, other customs," says Alte Bobbe, a character sketched in loose-flowing grandeur, who epitomizes the folk-wisdom of the aged. "Other countries, other customs," is her rational-

ization when the Polonskys arrive in Boston and observe Jews riding on street-cars on the Sabbath. Later, she is to remark, "America is different, but is different better?"

Woven into all this is the saga of Yankel, Moshe's brother-in-law and erstwhile partner, and also the man who wins Yetta away from socialistic spinsterhood. Yankel had been in the army in Russia, and had developed a taste for the shikseh kind. There is a wonderful chapter on his romance in a Siberian outpost, and this is followed by accounts of his wanderings in Turkey, Sweden, Cuba, before he comes to the family in America. These tales have about them the atmosphere of kitchen-recitals, over a glass of tea, with lekach.

And woven into the narrative, too, is the saga of Aryeh, the Hebrew school teacher, who studies chemistry at night, and starts a career as an industrial chemist, only to find the science he had sought for turning to dust in his hands. He gives it up to return to Hebrew teaching, in Roxbury. His wife pretends he is a professor. Of the rich Mottel's wife, after a long period when the families haven't seen each other, she asks, "Your Mottel is still occupying himself with the clothing business or whatever it is, is that right?"

There is a touching exciting portrait of Wilson's appearance in Boston, after the war, and finally there is the scene of David's graduation from high school, when he is called up to the platform to receive the Franklin medal, which should assure him admittance to Harvard. Already he has begun wondering, even about a place like Harvard—"the more intellectual Jews of Boston—and elsewhere—wondered why Harvard had never given Brandeis an LL.D., especially now that he was a justice of the United States Supreme Court." Was there such a thing as anti-Semitism, even there? "David mused to himself, being a Jew was a difficult thing. It hurt one in the subtlest ways, it was a burden to one's soul, it was, at best, a pebble on the path of one's career, and often a great deal more. . . . Was all this depressing? At the moment, not at all. It only made the future more challenging to David. It made Brandeis grander in his eyes. It made being a Jew more romantic. It made America more wonderful. . . ."

So there is much left to find out, about

David's progress, in the third volume, which one expects will become more individualized, as the broad family base of the trilogy is already very well set.

It will be interesting to follow the career of this book. It is in no way a sensational work, and its slow-growing, structure will perhaps bar it from sudden popularity. But I believe that its stature will become apparent over a long period. Mr. Angoff has made an important contribution to our literature, to our understanding of the immigrant family in America, and of the current of Jewish life.

MAYER LEVIN

The Great Frontier, by Walter Prescott Webb. Houghton, Mifflin Co., 434 pp. \$5.00.

It is now sixty years since Frederick Jackson Turner altered the writing of American history by pointing out the influence of the frontier and cheap lands in developing such national traits as self-reliance, individualism, equality, and an optimistic sense of endless opportunity for those who chose to work hard. His most distinguished disciple, Walter P. Webb of the University of Texas, has expanded this theory until it encompasses the entire globe.

He argues that crowded Europe has benefited since 1500 because it had a frontier of its own in the Western Hemisphere, South Africa, and Australia. "This sudden, continuing, and ever-increasing flood of wealth," he writes, "precipitated in the Metropolis (Western Europe) a business boom such as the world had never known before and probably never can know again."

Pessimistically, Webb concludes that the modern age is an abnormal one, a departure from the usually low standard of living known in overpopulated Europe in medieval and ancient times. With the disappearance of free lands and resources in the newer frontier countries, individualism has been replaced by a trend toward closer dependence, stronger government, more socialism, and finally totalitarianism of the Red and Brown varieties.

The weakness in Webb's argument is that he dismisses the potentialities of technology, modern science, and the human mind itself in solving the problem of our declining material resources. Turner too shared something of this pessimism. Webb revives the Malthusian specter of overpopulation in the most forbidding form

that it has yet appeared. While he concedes the fact that there are still patches of this worn-out globe that may be exploited, he thinks that this only postpones the evil day of reckoning.

To him, the adventure of individualism is about over. Man is returning to the medieval world which sought only stability and security through corporate gild organizations (like our unions) and strict economic regulation. The most valuable part of the book is the large section devoted to the impact of the frontier upon capitalism, democratic beliefs, the social studies, literature, the arts, science, technology, and other phases of modern life. While few have the gift of predicting the future, it is a great deal to see order in the past and to understand the heritage of our civilization.

HARVEY WISH

Pioneer Jews of Utah. Studies in American Jewish History. By Leon L. Watters. American Jewish Historical Society. 199 pp. \$2.50.

The Jews in Utah lived among the Mormons. The environment had a considerable influence in conditioning their lives and viewpoints, and because of the origin of the Church of Latter Day Saints (Mormons) which Watters says ties that sect according to their doctrines, closely to the ancient Israelites he gives a brief explanation of the history and beliefs of the Mormon people.

Most of the Jews in Utah were engaged in mercantile pursuits. Much of the color and flavor of the turbulent times in which the pioneers lived over a hundred years ago emerges vividly in the telling of the author. Watters wrote the story, largely because his father was among its early settlers, and because he himself was born there. For over fifty years he collected information bearing on the subject. The early Jews made the trip to Utah alone or at best with one or two companions.

Among the Jews who took the overland route were: Solomon N. Carvalho with Fremont's exploration party in 1853. In the appendices to the book for some 75 pages the author gives biographical information secured from descendants of the pioneers and much from the personal recollection of the writer, who as a youth in Utah knew all of them intimately. These include Solomon Nuneo Carvalho, one of a family of rabbis, teachers, writers,

merchants of Spanish, Portuguese descent, who was born in Charleston, South Carolina in 1815. He was a portrait painter; among his best-known portraits are those of Thomas Hunter, the founder of Hunter's College in New York City; the Reverend Isaac Lesser of Philadelphia. He was also the author of a treatise on the Mosaic cosmogony under the title "The Two Creations." Besides being an artist he was also historian of the Fremont expedition in which by sheer ability he rose to a position second only to the leader himself. There are many biographical sketches of others active in the social, economic and political life of the pioneer Jews of Utah.

Several facts are interesting in connection with the Bambergers. Simon was elected to the State Senate, and in 1916 was elected Governor of the State of Utah on the Democratic ticket. He was a member of the Board of Education from 1898 to 1903. He was the first non-Mormon, the first Democrat and the only Jew to be elected Governor of the State; at the time of his election the total Jewish population of the State was but a few thousand out of a total of 500,000 people. As Governor, he was a liberal and a progressive. It is interesting to note that other Jewish Governors were, Arthur Seligman of New Mexico; Julius Meier of Oregon; Moses Alexander of Idaho, Henry Horner of Illinois and Herbert Lehman of New York. Simon Bamberger took an interest in all of the affairs of the Jews of Utah. He was held in high esteem by the Mormons because of his efforts on their behalf when the attempt was made to disfranchise them and when the Mormon historian, Orson F. Whitney published his four volume *History of Utah*. The only biography of a Jew contained in it was that of Simon.

In Utah a tiny minority of Jews lived in the midst of a preponderant majority of Mormons, who practiced a religion claimed to be derived from one of the ancient tribes of Israel. Watters tells us that the religious hierarchy of the Mormons had many points of resemblance to that of the Israelites of the Hebrew Scripture. *The Book of Mormon*, which was first published in 1830, recites the story of the dispersal of the Jews and of "Lehi, a prophet of the tribe of Maasseh" who "led his tribe out of Jerusalem in the year 600 B.C. to the coast of America."

"Utah is the only place in the world where Jews are Gentiles." Everywhere else, Gentiles are considered as non-Jews by both birth and religion, but in Utah, everyone not a Mormon is classified and designated a "Gentile." This includes Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists and Presbyterians as well as Jews as non-believers.

Among the records of the Mormon Church are several interesting incidents of the contact of Jews with the Mormon hierarchy. One of these concerns the teaching of Hebrew to the prophet Joseph Smith by Joshua Seixas who was the son of Gershon Seixas, the patriot preacher of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue in New York City during the Revolutionary War and also a trustee of Columbia College.

PHILIP L. SEMAN

Judaism and Modern Man, by Will Herberg. Farrar, Straus and Young. 311 pp. \$4.00.

The spiritual quest of man has challenged the greatest minds, especially those who are not content with traditional affirmations nor with recurrent denials. "Man's predicament lies in his attempt to live life for itself . . . morally, destroying freedom and responsibility; socially, by banishing unity and meaning, since there is no center about which life can be built." Quoting Bertrand Russell, the author states: "In order to promote life it is necessary to make something more than mere life." "Only from what is beyond life can we be delivered from our spiritual plight."

That man is never without some faith is not very helpful. "Thou shalt have no other gods" is a warning against these man made deities which try to pull us out of our quagmire by our own boot straps. Only a "leap of faith" can save us. The most helpful directions on our way to salvation are found in the Judeo-Christian tradition. Torah, for the author, is the only safe guide, since the validity of Judaism has been tested in the experiences of the Jew. The modern temper is one of groping. We have a feeling of "lostness." Our technical progress has given us abundance without securing a just distribution of power. The liberating discoveries and inventions have increased totalitarian rule in the hands of the few with a decreasing liberty both in thought

and in action for the many. The source of our trouble lies in our egocentricity. "The guilt feeling from which so many suffer, as revealed by psychoanalysis is due to our vision of a holy God who dispels our pretensions and our self sufficiency." It is in Scripture that is found true relation between God and man. "History is a divine-human encounter in which God calls to man, man defies God, and God in His judgment punishes sinful man." Here Job's problem is cavalierly ignored.

Herberg's discussion of religion in its relation to society is especially thought provoking. As an expert for the American Federation of Labor, he throws the light of relevancy upon the present economic and social struggle. "Religion supplies the cohesive force which unifies a society and its culture." Contrasting the Greek-Hindu religion which is both contemplative and other-worldly, the Hebraic faith is both this worldly and otherworldly with special emphasis on action. The paradoxes which meet us in our quest for justice can only be resolved by the law of love.

In the section entitled "The Mystery of Israel" he says: "God, freedom and immortality cannot be proved because they all hinge upon a crucial presupposition and commitment that emerge on a level far deeper than the rational processes of philosophy or science." Taking the mystic route to truth and regarding his personal projections as revelations, he finds his faith anchored in a reality which is above question. Here the fundamentalist places his case on firmer ground. The supernatural reveals itself in miracles and in prophetic utterances. And yet, as a critic he is dissatisfied with fundamentalism. Reason within limits has an undeniable function in religion. Revelation is for him both contemporaneous and futuristic. Israel the Suffering Servant is given the true meaning of history since for him and all mankind there is the Messianic Age which is both a sustaining faith and a goal for human striving. Reform Judaism has been negligent of the commandments, although recent attempts to stress observances are motivated by nationalistic rather than by religious aims. Nor is Reconstructianism more satisfying. "Reconstructianism easily falls into subjectivism and religious-aesthetic sentimentality designed to make one 'feel spiritual.'" While he points out the shortcomings of

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orthodoxy, fundamentalism, modernism, secularism and Reconstructionism, Herberg nevertheless admits that each interpretation has something of value.

This book has many merits even if it may not satisfy others as completely as it meets the spiritual needs of the author. No one should ask for the universals found in science to be equally present in religion or art or philosophy. Nevertheless, our author has brought to a focus the many trends of our day and has linked them to the sources of our Jewish tradition.

JACOB SINGER

God and Man at Yale, by William F. Buckley Jr. Henry Regnery Co. 240 pp. \$3.50.

God and Man at Yale is an unhappy portent of the period of reaction into which we are entering. The cry is now "Back to the old-time religion and to the free enterprise system." And the means to this revival is by way of our educational institutions. Youth must be indoctrinated and not led astray by economists, sociologists, or religious teachers with liberal ideas of what Christianity is. No longer is the sceptical and critical mind to be the objective of the higher education, but rather the acquiescent mind. This is the method of Hitler and Stalin, though our ideals are nobler than theirs we think.

That youth is easily indoctrinated, the last decades have only too sadly revealed. Young men will as readily die for the profit system and for institutional religion as for fascism and communism, if disciplined to these beliefs. Just what form of Christianity is to be the required faith the author does not state, which is probably as well. But there will be no place for agnostics or for "atheists," whatever these latter may be as distinguished from the former, the term "atheist" being difficult to define philosophically.

To link the terms communism and socialism and to correlate these with atheism and "free love" is an ancient trick. To equate Christianity with free enterprise has the weight of tradition behind it, for in Protestantism historians have found the origin of the capitalistic system. So great is the author's hatred of the socialized state that he is willing, seemingly, to bring to its overthrow all the force of religious prejudice. Perhaps he does not envisage a return of religious

warfare, with sect arrayed against sect, but the prospect is there.

The author is a Yale man who thinks the Yale alumni should force their alma mater to indoctrinate her students with the ideas in which they themselves believe. What the Yale alumni believe, what their ideals in economics and religion may be, does not appear, but the Yale faculty as described by the author seems to be a fine body of men, liberal, tolerant, seekers of truth wherever truth may lead them. The author does little credit to them. But no teacher should be held wholly responsible for his students. He does what he can, but some of them are not susceptible to the broadening influences of education and remain as they were at the outset, ignorant, narrow-minded, and intolerant.

CARL H. GRABO

Changing Concepts of the Bible. A Psychological Analysis of its Words, Symbols, and Beliefs. By Werner Wolff. Hermitage House. 463pp. \$5.00.

This is an elaborate study by an eminent psychologist who is widely known for his Depth-psychology and for research in the field of primitive cultures. In this volume he applies his skill to the Bible, attempting to analyze the priestly story of creation (Gen. 1:1-2:4) in order to find the "lost" meanings of its concepts and symbols. The author contends that these meanings are different from those which modern readers understand. His translation is an effort to get back to the ideas and thoughts of the original writers and to show how these ideas belong to an ancient pattern, reflecting a distinctive view of the universe. This "culture analysis" is held to reveal, not a primitive conception of the universe, but one that is well matured and impressive. The tools of anthropology, psychology, and semantics are admittedly used.

A quick look at the structure of the book should precede a critical appraisal. After a chapter which deals with the importance of the symbolic and mystical interpretation of the Bible, there appears a discussion of such concepts, presumably found in Genesis, as the world-egg, creation by lightning, the good as balance, the conception of time, the world-mountain, and the idea of Paradise. The ideas of a glowing earth (note the dry ground), the Zodiac, heavenly hieroglyphics, the male-

female principle of the soul, pre-existence, Leviathan as irrational force, Behemoth as meditation, Rahab as sex and drive are also included in highly interesting sketches which draw freely upon ancient and not-so-ancient mythologies.

Other suggestive concepts found by the author behind words in the Hebrew text are Blessing as the transmission of energy, animals as symbols of psychological principles, God as paradox, man as God's shadow, herbs and trees as symbols of energy, Shabat as meditation, the Holy as light and fire, the explosion of holy water and creation as mystery. At the end of the book is the author's translation of the Biblical text, as well as a long bibliography covering a wide range of subjects, 503 titles in all. A full index is added for good measure.

The book's approach is certainly novel (although Freud's study of Moses has certain similarities), and its insights may be helpful to Biblical students. Nonetheless this reviewer must emphatically reject its interpretative assumptions and procedures. The acceptance of these would entirely negate any study of history and of historical documents. To propose a method of interpretation which demands that Biblical language contain a hidden, symbolical, mystical or figurative meaning, known to the original writers or editors, but forgotten during the period of the Bible's transmission, is to demolish completely the critical work of generations of scholars. This work has been done on the assumption that Biblical language served the purpose of communicating between persons, expressing ideas, directing action, and transmitting an historical culture. The Hebrew language in particular, with its vivid concreteness, is always related to man's empirical situation, no matter how pictorial it is.

The deepest thoughts of the Biblical writers are couched in terms which identify functional relationships and activities. Thus subtle hidden meanings, such as polarity, metapsychology, the world-report, and the like, which are ostensibly based on Hebrew words, are actually indications that Biblical terms make no sense except to the specialist in the field of esoteric psychology. These so-called meanings are read into the text on the basis of uncriticized *a priori* which are uncongenial to Hebrew thought-patterns.

Many statements by the author are

open to question: "Concepts of Babylonian astrology have parallels which determine the meaning of the Old Testament," "concepts similar to those of the Biblical authors can be found all over the world;" "the Bible is not only the expression of a philosophy but of a metaphysics in the Aristotelian sense;" "the story of the world's creation, the selection of events from Hebrew history, the sayings of the Prophets, the Psalms, Proverbs are all fundamentally alike in being symbolic interpretations of the world (italics supplied);" "each word is a condensation of several meanings," so that the interpreter can evidently take his choice. "For Biblical man God was not given but had to be discovered (p. 45)." Here both the language and the theological viewpoint of the Bible are manipulated and distorted. Nothing is more certain, from the standpoint of the Bible, than that God was known only because he made himself known. The author either ignores or misinterprets Israel's history: her election, her relation to her covenant-God, her deliverance and her destiny in the world are forgotten. Without these the Bible can have no meaning except through a rejection of what it plainly teaches and the substitution of an alien principle of exegesis.

Although the spirit and methodology of the historical critic are rejected in this book, it has value in calling attention to the importance of the Bible in helping men form a design for living and to understand the pattern of their existence. The Bible assuredly can help them recover a lost sense of unity in a time of cultural plurality and social dislocation. The author has collected a large amount of material, known to all competent scholars, which will be of interest to the reader. It is regrettable that he did not seek to identify that unique view of life which is consistently projected by the Bible rather than try to show the general world view which he asserts the Bible shares with the literatures of non-Biblical cultures.

OTTO J. BAAB

Hillel: The Book Against the Sword.
By Ely Pilchik. Wood engravings by Ilya Schor. Henry Schuman Co. 198 pp. \$2.50.

The most beloved of all teachers, Hillel the Elder, who is regarded as the rabbi coming nearest to the type of personality that Christians assume Jesus to have

been, has never had an extended biography written of him. For about forty years Hillel was the head or the Nasi of the Jewish community. He was the founder of the school known as the Beth Hillel, and is alleged to have been one of the teachers of Jesus. There are more stories told about this sage, his kindness, patience and consideration than of any other rabbi in the Talmud.

All of the Talmudic anecdotes—at least all that I know, are used in the biography. They are told with charming directness and appeal. Hillel is made to live over again as are his wife and family, and, there are before us many of the customs of ancient Israel.

It is a charming little book. The style appeals to young and old, and the volume should have a place in every Jewish home library. Rabbi Pilchik has brought to life a teacher than whom none was more instructive or inspiring.

G. GEORGE FOX

A Woman Named Chaye, by R. Kluger Keil. Exposition Press. 251 pp. \$3.00.

Chaye, in this narrative, is the name of the heroine whom we see through the many vicissitudes inflicted upon her by circumstances beyond her control or those contrived by herself.

The beginnings of the story are set in Poland, in the Carpathian Mountain region, some three quarters of a century ago. A Jewish resident of the village gives shelter, after a snow storm, to an unknown exhausted woman and a small girl. The woman shortly after dies, and the child is adopted by the family which befriended them. The girl grows into womanhood, marries and gives birth to Chaye. Before her death the mother makes a pact with a neighbor, a woman friend, the parent of a son, that their children when of age are to marry each other. Chaye early learns of this arrangement from her mother.

Chaye, subsequently, bored with the dullness of life in the village, emigrates to America, to New York. There she resides with her (presumably) future mother-in-law, learns to know the young man, her prospective life mate. No marriage is consummated, chiefly because the mother of the boy has other plans for him; Chaye

returns to her old country home, marries, has children, loses her husband and learns later of the deep attachment for her of the American boy her mother planned for her to marry. That, a widow, she refuses to do chiefly in revenge for the shabby treatment received at the hands of the woman who betrayed her mother's confidence and expectations.

Two World Wars take place in the course of the progress of this melodrama. Along with the tortuous and not always convincing twists of this narrative there are illuminating flashes of living "secondary" characters and seemingly authentic details of a life in a Polish-Jewish village some two generations ago. Otherwise, *A Woman Named Chaye*, is not particularly distinguished.

B. W.

Room For A Son, by Robert D. Abrahams. The Jewish Publication Society of America. 164 pp. \$2.75.

A storekeeper in a small town in the state of Pennsylvania, a Jew, loses a son on the battlefield in World War II. The parents are disconsolate. A refugee relief organization anxious to place orphaned European children, casualties in the same War, in American homes, succeeds in having the Levy's adopt a teen age boy whose name by coincidence is also "Aaron Levy," the name of his adopted parents.

The story simply told is of the young immigrant's adaptation into a new environment, the town's acceptance of the newcomer and his foster parents efforts to make young Aaron Levy forget his grim past and their own irretrievable loss. The boy's assimilation into the new life is accelerated by the aid of a mysterious trunk left in the old folks home by "two strangers." At critical times in the new arrival's sojourn with the Levys there issues from the trunk, at night, the voice of the fallen hero, the son, who admonishes, guides and encourages the youngster in his groping to adjust himself into American ways of living.

Room for a Son, done for adolescents in black and white colors, is effective writing. Frequently emotional, it is never offensively didactic and it dwells upon Jewish values—religion, traditions, and Judaic lore with a dignity compatible with the subjects.

B. W.

